Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

I have often wondered when trying to consume a lonesome and weary evening in a hotel in a strange city, why commercial men are so liberal in tipping waiters. It is not unusual to see a man of but reasonable means or a drummer who is not allowed an extravagant expense account, give a polite and attentive waiter a half a dollar for a very trifling service. The drummer knows that the waiter knows that he is a drummer, and that it is no use trying to impress him as a person of great wealth. Of course a traveling salesman is paying out his employer's money, but he is aware that the "expense account" will figure in the annual dialogue with the head of his firm as to an increase of salary. Another thing that you may be quite sure of is that the commercial man will go to the same hotel whenever he visits a town or city, unless there is a change of proprietors and the new man fails to be as civil as he should be. I think I have found an answer to the conundrum, and it is to be found in the fact that the man who has been all day trying to sell goods or get a "deal" through has been using all the politeness that he has; he who has been cooling his heels in an outer office waiting for an interview, or who has gotten a half a dozen "call backs" during the day, who has been snubbed by rude merchants or laughed at by shrewd speculators, when he gets back to his hotel or takes a train has used up his stock of courtesy and finds it a most blessed relief to have someone polite to him, even though he is a person of no greater importance than the waiter at his table or the colored porter in the Pullman car.

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It is pleasant, even though you purchase it, to have the tables turned after an all-day siege. During business hours the man who is looking for business must keep his politeness perpetually on tap; he must not be caught in an ill humor; he cannot tell the dilatory customer whose mind is so slow to make itself up what he thinks of him; he cannot leave the merchant who counts him as dirt, with an audible curse at his rudeness. Successful or non-successful, he must be polite and leave his customer so that he can talk business with him again. As he closes the last interview of the day he grits his teeth and swears before the great gods that he is sorry he is alive. As he enters the hotel the clerk bows to him, shoves the register aside and takes pains to tell him a funny story. Probably he induces the clerk to slip away for a moment and go down and have a drink with him. The bartender is affable and anxious to give him a drink that will tickle his palate. He drops into a chair and gets his boots blackened and gives the bootblack a quarter of a dollar, more for his politeness than for the shine he has given his shoes. When a darkey carries his grip up to his room, lights the gas, rushes out to get him some ice water, unstraps his portmanteau, fusses around the dismal dresser and enquires if there is "anything else he can do!" the tired drummer, with a half a dozen spavins on his politeness and galls all over him where the harness has rubbed him raw, is soothed by the attention he receives and is glad to pay for it. He has been doing the "very polite act" till he is tired; he likes to see somebody do it for him, and he appreciates it and pays for it.

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It is often said that men who are so smiling and polite in their business relations are often crabbed and complaining and ugly at home. I know that amongst my acquaintances the men who are politest to their customers are often sharp-spoken to waiters and most bearish to their wives. I think a man has only about so much of that varnished imitation of good nature that they call politeness, to work upon, and it won't last all day and all evening too.

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Thousands of wives suffer from gruff and tired-out husbands who are suited with nothing simply because they have agreed with everybody all day and feel it a blessed relief to be able to disagree with somebody at night. Yet I think the wives can learn a little from the shrewd servitor in a hotel. Clerk and Boots, and Bartender and Bellboy know how to do the soothing act even though their purpose is purely commercial. The suggestion is no new thing, yet taken in conjunction with the hotel episodes that I am thinking about, proves pretty conclusively what a man wants. When he goes home he should have rest and attention; he has a right to expect it if he is a good husband and father, or as they say in New England, if he is a "good pervider." He feels that he ought to be met by somebody who knows that he has had a hard siege of it. He has been working for the comforts which others share with him. If he kicks off his overshoes in the hall and has to ask one of his children to put them away, the child is making a mistake; that is a service he or she should volunteer; it is not menial when done for a parent. He does not feel that he ought to get down on his knees and hunt under the sofa for his slippers; he has been on his knees all day hunting under commercial sofas for orders and commissions. He does not feel that he ought to apologize to his wife for being five minutes late; he has been apologizing to people for ten hours for not being able to quote lower prices or display an impossible line of goods. Can you altogether blame him for being sharp-voiced or gruff when asked to explain why he did not bring "that ten cents' worth of blue wool" that had been asked for? Why, bless her heart, he has been explaining all day until his tongue is as round and hard as the end of a broomstick. Can it be expected that he will be gentle and considerate if his wife whines about the servant's conduct? Have not those who have been buying from him whined till his ears are cracked and his head dizzy? Hasn't he heard tales of clerks who would not force the shopper to buy, of boys who did not dust the counters and girls who let the greasy crumbs of their lunch fall on silks? Then his wife has a headache perhaps. She hasn't any idea how many headaches he has struck that day, how many men have "turned him down" because they had rheumatism or a torpid liver. He has heard endless tales of ailments and improprieties and losses and dreary forebodings, and here he comes home and his ears are filled with the same brain-racking tunes.

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Of course I am looking at it now entirely from a man's point of view and overlooking the thousand afflictions that the wife has. I know she is as eager for politeness and comfort and pretty attentions as he is, but if she will just soothe him for five minutes she can have his sympathy for an hour. Five minutes of well directed politeness from a hotel clerk will make him spend a half a dollar, though that may mean the price of an hour's work; so the wife after five minutes of real gentle, pretty, loving womanliness can wipe from him memory a whole day's snubs and disappointments. After that he will lend her money, and he will eat a cold dinner, and he will do almost anything within reason. Looking at it in this way, I think the home folks might well make an effort to capture the man and use him right, and load him with the attentions that he hasn't had, that feel so unusual, so good, so comforting, and it is so like blessed home to strike that atmosphere of attention and anxiety to please. When one opens one's own door, ten thousand times greater is it than the politeness at one's well equipped hotel to get a hug and a kiss from wife and youngsters, so that a man melts and he loses the set lines about his mouth that were carved in there when he read his last ugly letter at the office or stood the last rebuke of the evening from someone who would not buy or pay.

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I think I will wind up with a few hints. The first is, keep the middle hall door shut so that the returning and weary traveler is not met with the odor of onions or cabbage, such as he gets in the dining-room of a country tavern. Secondly, take possession of him within a second of the opening of the front door for his entrance. Do not mind whether he is grumpy or growling; overwhelm him. In three minutes you can chloroform his temper. If there is any good nature and man in him you have got him for the balance of the night, ready to romp with the youngsters, or rub a rheumatic ankle, or hold his strong, steady hands over an aching forehead. Do not forget to ask him to sing his worn-out old song; he likes to be asked to do it at home just as he does when out of compliment he is asked to give it at a dinner party. Do not fail to appreciate his jokes; remiseness in this regard is just as offensive at home as outside. Feed him as well as you can afford, and all that he has is yours; he remembers home as one of the places where he is appreciated, where everybody is good to him and where the "utter idiots" who are making life so wearisome to him do not live.

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I know a fellow, one of the ordinary sort, who is an excellent salesman and a good-natured fellow to boot. He is generous with his money. When he enters a hotel the hall porter rushes out to meet him, and bell boys almost fight to get hold of his satchel; the chambermaid says, "Oh, you are here again, Mr. Smith," and the landlord shakes hands with him, and everybody seems glad that he has come again. Of course they are all after his money, but he likes it, he likes to be treated that way. He gets a large salary and has a comfortable home. I went up there with him one evening. He rang the bell at half-past six, it was answered by the cook, who brought with her an odor of everything there was in the kitchen or had been there for a week. She looked cross because she had been taken away from her work; she snappishly wondered "how it was that the maid could never hear that bell." The children came in ten or fifteen minutes later, filled the house with noise and hats and complaints inside of a minute. His wife was a little late returning from calls, and he was the most insignificant person in the whole building. They liked him; when they got ready they came around and kissed him and asked him if he had brought them anything, and his wife reminded him of some errand she had assigned him. Nobody seemed to think that he deserved any particular kindness for what he had done, and instead of being the jolly drummer, the prince of good fellows, he was silent and constrained. I ventured in the evening to ask him to sing a song for which he is famous all along the road. His wife protested she would die if she ever heard that chestnut again. Of course he did not sing, though there is not a drummer on that man's beat who would have dared suggest "chestnuts" in the presence of a company when that rollicking ditty was proposed. I give this as an illustration of how much less some families know about entertaining a husband or brother or son than is known in the hallway of a well conducted hotel, lonesome and lifeless as that hotel must be as a place in which to loiter or to live, where nobody makes the remark, as my friend's wife did, "I have a pretty lonesome time of it here at home, while Jim is out having gay old times on the road."

DON.

In the mirror of its tide,
Tangled thickets on each side

Longfellow

It is strange how hope and the desire for gain can in a moment drive logic out of a man's brain and disarrange the mechanism of a sensible man's good sense. The other day I was forced to overhear a conversation between two men on the subject of life insurance—manufacturers they were, in a small way, as their conversation disclosed, and apparently of good intelligence. Yet they were deliberately discussing and approving one of those mushroom insurance concerns into which a man makes a few small payments, and after a while draws out a thousand dollars—unless the thing breaks down. They had no fear of it breaking down; they were confident that it would always flourish, because it was such a snap; that a growing number of people would always keep joining it. Suppose—and this is the bald principle of the thing—that one thousand men pay me a dollar each on my agreeing to pay them ten dollars back at the end of a month. When the time of payment comes, I, to meet my obligations, would only have the thousand dollars paid me and the trifling sum that the money could earn at interest. To meet my obligations, therefore, I should require during that first month to induce nine thousand others to pay me a dollar on the same terms, and this sum would be paid over, leaving me without a cent and with ninety thousand dollars to pay at the end of the month. To meet this obligation I should require to get ninety thousand people to pay me a dollar each again on the same terms. Then I would sit down and think.

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"Here," I would say, "are ninety thousand dollars which those people expect me to divide among them. For three months I have worked, paid salaries to agents, scattered printing broadcast, and have not made one red cent to repay me for these expenses. And in this scheme I cannot make a cent, there being no provision for expenses. If I pay this money I shall require at the end of the month nine hundred thousand dollars, at the end of the next month nine million dollars, and so on. I'd better be careful. The population of the earth is limited and perhaps all the men, women and children will not go into this thing. I have ninety thousand dollars in hand, and my present obligations require me to pay out nine hundred and ninety thousand. Can't do it. Ain't going to try. If I were to stuff that money in the stove I would be a bigger loser by this insurance scheme, than any one of the policy holders, owing to my big expenses. I won't burn the money and I won't give ten dollars apiece to those fellows who gave me one. Being in this scheme I am necessarily either a fool or a rascal. It pays better to be a rascal, so I shall let the policy holders be the Ninety and Nine and I shall be the other One, 'out on the hills away.' With that ninety thousand dollars I can go to New Mexico or Brazil, set up as a rich philanthropist, build hospitals and churches and be honored and respected. Wonder if there's a Grand Trunk time-table around the office anywhere? Hello, there, you fifty-dollar-a week office boy, tell the hundred-dollar-a-week clerk to enquire of the thousand-dollar-a-week assistant manager (wealthy institution, this of mine) if he has a railway guide handy."

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If I should pay the money to those whose claims would be due and try to skip out penniless, there would be ninety thousand others to pursue me. By keeping the money I would have it to assist my flight and console my exile, while only a paltry nine thousand would be added to the army of pursuers. Who, being fool or rogue enough to go into such an enterprise, would not skip out with the money? Of course no organization offers to pay ten dollars for one at the end of thirty days, but some organizations make equally absurd and impossible offers. By reducing the time to a month one is enabled to see that it would be impossible to honestly conduct such a scheme. The same principle exists in the hull-less oats swindle, and I have heard intelligent farmers argue by the hour on the soundness of the arrangement. Their judgment was paralyzed by the prospect of making three hundred dollars out of thirty. But they recovered their mental health when the inevitable crash came, and notes were being sued in the courts all over eastern Ontario.

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It seems that about a half-dozen men are determined to make Canada think about annexation and talk about it, whether or no. Those who are opposed to political union are not at all averse to a discussion of it, knowing that nine out of every ten men in the Dominion are against it, that sentiment is against it and that the weightiest arguments are against it. People out in the townships, however, should be informed of the true reason why the agitators for political union are allowed to pursue their campaign in Essex and Oxford unopposed. It is not that people at large silently acquiesce in the views these men express, nor that their arguments are strong, but simply this, that the men are too insignificant in quality and number to deserve serious attention. Few as they are in number, they would have been effectually opposed on every platform where they appeared had they not been so well known as triflers and surface skimmers. Why cannonade mosquitos? I am aware that it is not argument to impugn the motives of others, but what am I to do when men have aspirations such as these men have? In this city, where the motives and methods are somewhat known, they are harmless though they talked ten hours per day forevermore. If these men ran down the streets of this city crying an alarm of fire, the

people would bolt their doors and windows and retire confidently to a night's repose. In the country where they are unknown it is different. For instance, E. A. Macdonald could advertise himself as "a distinguished ex-alderman of Toronto," and S. R. Clarke could bill himself as "a prominent Toronto lawyer." A man may style himself most anything nowadays. At a suitable distance from this city these men may make big figures of themselves and persuade country people that they represent Toronto on the question of Canada's destiny. Since they are becoming so active, it should not be forgotten that their influence out of town will not be gauged by what they are, but by what they seem to be, so, therefore, men of weight should not ignore them but hound set upon them and squelch them early and often on rural platforms. Their object being to attract attention, and perhaps casually to consolidate a continent, they would be flattered by being squelched six nights a week on country platforms, but they should not be denied so peculiar a delight. I know that anything I could possibly write about them here and now, however severe, would afford them intense gratification, as their morning and evening prayer is that their names may appear in print. This is why these remarks are couched in courteous language.

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Three or four nobodies in particular have embarked on a campaign of personal aggrandizement. Up to date it has been the practice to ignore them. That meets the merits of the men, but not the merits of the subject upon which those men design to ride into public attention. When a small meeting of fifty people in a township school-house—forty of whom attended out of good-humored curiosity—is falsely described in newspapers that scatter all over the Dominion as an enthusiastic uprising in favor of political union, why then the matter should be taken in hand. If such false reports are allowed to go uncontradicted in all directions, these men will make some headway in their scheme of using Essex to convert Prince Edward and of using Prince Edward to convert Essex, and all by means of diplomatic falsification. See the squirming conspiracy whereby a snap vote was tried for in the Board of Trade when only thirty-nine members were present. See the remarkable texture which the "prominent lawyer" of the movement substitutes for homespun truth, in calmly writing to a daily paper that he had nothing to do with promoting the vote, but that the ballots were given out by an Imperial Federationist. See how the latter under scrutiny reveals himself as really an annexationist—a piece of the other's political machinery, under cover, out of the wet. See the account of that meeting in Essex the other night—in disaffected, clamorous Essex—where about ninety votes were taken, of which thirty-eight declared for political union. See the sly art shown in the preparation of the ballot paper; those opposed to annexation being divided into as many squads as names could be found for. They were not asked plump and square to pronounce for or against political union; those "against" were invited to scatter into groups and look insignificant by the side of those who were "for." They divided up on, Remaining as we are, Independence, Independent Republic, Independent Monarchy and Imperial Federation. Could anything more absurd be devised? Where is the oligarchy, the heptarchy, and anarchy come in? It is strange that the ballot did not scatter the opponents of annexation into still smaller groups within groups, and the only explanation of it is, that the man who prepared it had not a dictionary at hand from which to unearth suitable classifications. He did his level best.

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Those opposed to annexation make a mistake in standing back, in the consciousness of their strength, allowing a noisy few to misrepresent the opinions of the many. They should swoop down upon these meetings according to invitation and prevent a job from being perpetrated upon them; they should see that the vote is plump and plain for and against political union, and even in Essex county the demeaning proposal would be rejected three to one.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

One of the coming events of the present season—in all probability the opening event—is the cricketers' ball, which will be held at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, November 15, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The lady patronesses are the following: Mrs. Cosby, the president's wife, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. R. H. Bethune, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. John I. Davidson and Mrs. John Wright. The decorating of the hall is in the hands of a special committee, as are also the arrangements for the music, refreshments, etc. A large committee is hard at work perfecting the details of the affair, and everything points to the ball being a great success. The band of the Royal Grenadiers, by the kind permission of the colonel and commanding officers, will discourse sweet music on the occasion.

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Mrs. N. T. Lyon of Church street is visiting her friends in Boston and Merrimac.

*

Mrs. Frank Cowan will receive next week from Tuesday to Friday, at 129 John street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Wilcox of Marlborough avenue are in Hamilton.

*

Mr. John W. Eaton is visiting Chicago.

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On Wednesday, October 26, the Ladies' Choral Club will hold its first meeting in Association Hall, room I, at 3 p.m. Besides the cantata, Wreck of the Hesperus, written especially for the club by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., the club also intend studying part-songs by Schumann, Gumbert and Kuchen. It is expected that one of the most eminent lady pianists on the continent will assist at the concert of the club in the spring.

*

A meeting of the students of the Dental College was held in the lecture room of the college yesterday afternoon and officers for the year were elected. The election for each office was strongly contested and the enthusiasm displayed would do credit to a general election. The president and vice-president were chosen from the seniors, and the second vice president and secretary from the freshmen. The committee is composed of half of each. The following is a list of the successful candidates: President, D. T. Dulmadge of Brighton; first vice-president, A. W. McGuire of Oakville; second vice president, W. H. Snider of Stratford; secretary, J. Wick Bell of Hamilton; committee, C. Colter of Petrolia, Dr. Steele of Almonte, F. T. Coughlin of Guelph, W. J. Brownlee of Smith's Falls, W. H. Mosely of Parry Sound; J. T. Ross of Port Perry. There are ninety-two students in attendance, the largest class the college has ever known.

*

Miss Isabel Stewart has returned from a visit of a few weeks in Dunnville.

*

The Lieutenant-Governor has consented to become patron of the new musical society in course of formation.

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I have received a letter containing the particulars of the marriage of Miss Selena Fetter, the pretty heroine of Friends, and Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, the author of that charming play, which took place last Sunday afternoon at New York. Those who witnessed the fine acting of these two clever young people will recall Jack Paton's renunciation of his sweetheart to his more fortunate rival, and will doubtless smile over his turning of the tables in real life. Miss Fetter looked a most sunny blonde, in a dark blue camel's hair dress, braided with gold, and a Gainsborough hat with pale blue plumes. The best man was, by a funny turn of fate, the successful stage rival, Mr. Lucius Henderson.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Drummond have taken up their residence at No. 50 St. George street, when Mrs. Drummond will be at home to visitors on Monday the 24th and two following days.

*

Mr. William Mulock, M.P., left last Monday to spend a week duck-shooting on the St. Clair Flats.

*

Mr. Kenneth Chisholm was in the city recently.

*

Mr. Fred Gooch has returned from a pleasant holiday trip.

*

Mrs. McKendry of 52 Harbord street has returned home after spending two months in New York and Atlantic Highlands.

*

Miss Helen Milligan of Dovercourt road has gone to New York.

*

Another addition has been made to the charming hostesses of the north-westerly part of the city. Mrs. C. Stewart Murray, who has been living in New York since her marriage, has taken up house at the corner of Avenue road and Boswell avenue, where she will be welcomed by her many friends. Toronto is to be congratulated on the advent of Mrs. Murray as a permanent resident.

*

Mrs. George N. Morrison and children are visiting Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong of Lloydtown, Ont., for a few weeks.

*

The Toronto staff of the Bank of Montreal last Monday presented Mr. Wm. Dick with a handsome secretary and chair as a token of their esteem, on the eve of his departure for Stratford, where he will hold the position of accountant.

*

Chief of Police Grasett has returned from England, where he spent two months.

*

Miss S. Wilson left for England lately, where she intends remaining for a year.

*

Mrs. Vansittart of Barrie has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Temple of St. George street.

*

Mr. John Bell, Q C., and Mrs. and Miss Bell were in the city this week.

*

Mr. F. Lett of Barrie was in town recently.

*

Mr. James Mitchell of Winnipeg was in town this week.

*

Miss Anderson of Ottawa is visiting friends in the city.

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Mrs. Bickford of Gore Vale will hold a reception this afternoon, at which a large number of Toronto society people will be welcomed.

*

Mrs. Clarence McCuaig's At Home last Saturday was largely attended. Her pretty home at 128 St. George street was filled with guests, amongst whom I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Riordan, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. K. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, the Misses Howland, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. G. A. Stimson, the Misses Fuller, Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. George Hart, Mrs. and the Misses Pope, the Misses Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, the Misses Parsons, Mr. Mitchell, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brouse, the Messrs. Rykert, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, the Misses Fraser, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Nixon, the Misses Strathy, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. McCuaig wore a gown of gray satin with trimmings of pink and gold embroidery, and was assisted in receiving her guests by the bride, Mrs. Frank Anglin, who looked very pretty in pale blue silk and black lace.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Munroe Grier have taken up their residence at 31 Prince Arthur avenue.

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The opening ceremonies of Victoria University will be held on next Tuesday evening, October 25, at 2.30 and 8 o'clock, at the new Victoria University buildings in the Queen's Park.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rough and daughter have returned to their home in Winnipeg, accompanied by Mrs. Rough's sister, Miss Muldrew.

*

The marriage of Mr. Francis F. Wurster and Miss Minnie C. Noble took place at St. Margaret's church last Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. J. Moore. Mr. E. Wurster of Preston, the cousin of the groom, was best man, and Miss Annie Noble, the bride's sister, was bridesmaid. Miss Noble wore a traveling dress of brown broadcloth with Nile green trimmings and hat to match; her bridesmaid was also gowned in brown with green garniture. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond pin, and to the bridesmaid a gold bracelet. Many friends testified their kind feeling by handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Wurster left by the afternoon train for a tour through Western America.

*

Mr. G. W. Yarker has returned from his American trip, and with Mrs. and Miss Yarker was a pleased member of the Diplomacy audience on Wednesday night.

*

Mr. George Fairclough of Brantford was in town this week.

*

Miss Stewart of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. D. Webster of Crawford street.

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Miss Beatty of Lambton Mills has been the guest of Miss Kennedy of Parkdale this week.

*

Mr. J. H. Hyland of the Standard Bank has returned from a pleasant holiday trip.

*

Another stylish church wedding set the bells of St. James' ringing last Tuesday afternoon, when Mr. Beverley Robinson, son of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, late Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, was married to Miss Eleanor Cooke, daughter of Dr. Cooke, 202 Simcoe street. The marriage was solemnized by his lordship the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Canon DuMoulin. Miss Cooke's bridal gown was of white gros grain silk, with honiton lace, and in it she looked a very sweet and interesting bride. The bridesmaids, Miss Maud Kane and Miss Mary Robinson, wore white *crepe de chine* frocks with yellow trimmings and large chip hats with yellow feathers. Mr. Charles Heath and Mr. Arthur Hardy were also of the bridal party, the former acting as best man, Mr. George Heward and Mr. Napier Robinson performing the duty of ushers. The following were among the guests: Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Capt. and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. Newbold Edgar of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. W. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Mrs. Chas. McGrath, Col. and Mrs. Newbigging, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams, Mrs. and Miss Kane, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. F. Lefroy, Mr. G. A. Heward, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Mr. Herbert and Miss Biggar of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson of Brantford, Sir Roderick and Lady Cameron of New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Street of New York, Mr. Frank Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ellis, Mrs. C. A. Jones of Brantford, Dr. A. H. and Mrs. Cooke of Chicago, Dr. Alex. Cooke of Chicago, Miss McCallum of Hamilton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Botham, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mrs. and Miss Vanderpool of New York, Major and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Sir James and Lady Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. James Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Merritt and Mrs. Helliwell. After the ceremony a *dejeuner* was served at the residence of the bride's father, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson received the congratulations of their friends. Mr. Robinson's nuptial gift to his bride was the deed of a handsome residence on Huron street, and the bridesmaids received souvenirs of the happy occasion in the shape of dainty pearl and gold pins. Scores of beautiful presents were on exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left on the afternoon train for New York. The going-away gown was of dark green velvet, with hat *en suite*.

*

Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli and Mrs. Gianelli left on Wednesday evening to attend the opening ceremonies in connection with the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago on October 21.

*

Mr. W. D. Blatchley, who has been sketching during the summer months in the vicinity of Tacoma, Wash., and assisting his son, Mr. Henry Blatchley, with drawings for the United States Government, will return shortly to Toronto.

*

A very cosy party went from Toronto to see the dedication of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago this week. They traveled on the C. P. R. palace cars Pekin and Mattawa. Messrs. Withrow, Hill, McMaster, Edwards, Christie, Hamilton, Hon. J. Dryden, W. S. Lee, Aldermen Saunders, Score, Orr and Hallam were among the number. They are to return to morrow or Monday.

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A syndicate of the lovers of art in our society circles have performed a graceful act in sending the promising artist, Mr. Carl Ahrens, to New York for the season, to receive all the advantages possible in the pursuit of his profession, which can be gained by contact with the leading men of art in Gotham. Mr. Ahrens' friends have great hopes of distinction for him, and trust that the budding promise of his beautiful picture, Cradled in the Net, may bloom into the full flower of success.

*

Ye Olde English Fayre, which is engrossing the attention of half the society people in town to the exclusion of all the smaller functions, will be held in the Pavilion from Tuesday to Saturday, November 1 to 5. A series of twelve booths will be arranged round the main floor, which are to be devoted to the following purposes: 1. Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, under the direction of Mesdames S. H. Janes and George Ridout; 2. Ye Olde Book Shoppe, Mesdames J. Herbert Mason and S. G. Wood; 3. Ye Pleasaunce, Dame Cecil Gibson; 4. Ye Whyte Rose, Mesdames John Cawthra and A. M. Cosby; 5. Ye Maypole Inne, Mesdames Williamson, Symons and Wright; 6. Ye Goldeyne Bubble, Kickshawe Shoppe, under sundry modish damsels, yclept Mason, Howard and Brodie; 7. Gypsey Camp, Dame F. A. Hall and sundry damsels; 8. Egyptian Hall, astrologer Grote, aided by powers of earth and air, in thrilling and mysterious *seances*; 9. Sweete Shoppe, Mesdames G. T. Denison and H. Patterson; 10. Toye Shoppe, Syne of ye Penny Whistle, Dame Harry Barber and sundry damsels; 11. Gilte Gingerbread, sundry damsels yclept Janette Drayton and Alice and Gertrude Thompson; 12. Ye Bee Hive, Mesdames W. S. Lee, Albert Gooderham and Charles Nelson. At the well of St. Keyne, the water of which is miraculously flavored with the lemon fruit, will be found two damsels yclept Roger and Ince, who for a consideration will permit the public to prove the miracle. At Ye Devonshire Cyder Presse damsel Violet Burns will be aided by two trusted tapmen, Sirs Thompson and Headley. This comprises the main plan of amusement for the older folk, and for the juniors kind, artists in the Punch and Judy line and the Old Woman in the Shoe are promised. The Fayre will be opened by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Government House party will be welcomed by music from the Grenadiers' Band, and presented with a copy of the souvenir Booke of Ye Fayre, after which all the merry-makers at the Fayre will form in procession and execute a grand march. The stage performances, which are something perfectly gorgeous, will be noticed next week. The dresses are both dainty and artistic and everyone should see Ye Olde English Fayre. The executive committee includes the names of Mesdames Beardmore, J. Cawthra, Geo. Gooderham, Featherston, Osler, G. T. Denison, and the officers, Mrs. Herbert Mason, president; Mesdames P. H. Drayton, S. G. Wood and Wellington, vice-presidents; Mrs. F. B. Cumberland, treasurer; and Misses Amy Mason and Kate Symons, secretaries.

*

Fine audiences greeted Rose Coghlan and her clever company this week at the Grand. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Manning's box contained a pretty party of ladies. The other boxes were bright with handsome gowns and sweet faces, among whom I remarked Mrs. Fraser McDonald, Miss Macbeth Milligan, Miss Faulkner and Mrs. Strange of Kingston. The *vis a vis* box contained Mrs. R. Miles and party. In the orchestra chairs I noticed Mrs. Yarker and party, Mr. Campbell and party, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Walker, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. Kingston and party, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Higman and others.

*

Mr. D. E. Cameron seems to have found the philosopher's stone, at all events as far as concerns the drawing of audiences to his services of song. On Tuesday another immense concourse attended the service at Carlton street Methodist church, hundreds being turned away—literally, not figuratively. Miss Snarr won much applause by her excellent singing of Concone's Judith. Other solos were sung by Miss Lottie Bailey, Miss Hortense Jones, Mr. W. Preston, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. A. L. E. Davies and Mr. D. E. Cameron, with Mr. W. H. Hewlett's efficient assistance at the organ. Mr. S. H. Clark and the Osburn Guitar and Mandolin Club also took part.

*

The distribution of the medals and certificates awarded to the successful students of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design, as the result of the Government examinations of April, will take place at the Art Gallery, 175 King street west, on Tuesday evening, October 25, at eight o'clock. It is hoped a large number of students and their friends will be present. Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick has kindly consented to preside on the occasion.

*

Miss Maggie Byrne of Belleville, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Noble, 60 Beverley street, returned home last week.

*

The annual meeting of the Mimico Industrial School will be held this afternoon. A special train to convey the friends of the school will leave the Union Station about two o'clock.

*

A grand audience greeted Xaver Scharwenka, Miss Emma Juch and Signor Pierre Delasco at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. Miss Juch looked most lovely in a simple little gown of white *chiffon*, and crystal bead bretelles, with a posy of natural pink roses in her golden hair. A most inconsiderate rain storm occasioned a flutter in many a maiden heart, whose owner had donned dainty raiment, and no mackintosh or rubbers. Some very funny-looking figures pattered along the drenched asphalt of the Gardens in the merciless glare of the electric lights.

*

The corner stone of the Church of St. John the Evangelist was laid by the Bishop of Toronto last Saturday week, the rector, Rev. Alex. Williams was present, also Rev. Dr. Langtry, Rev. Richard Harrison, Rev. S. J. Broughall, Rev. J. C. Roper, Rural Dean Jones, Rev. Chas. Shortt, Rev. F. G. Plummer and Rev. J. H. McCallum. Among the laymen were: Lieut.-Col. Otter, Major Buchan, Capt. and Adjutant McDougal, I also noticed the churchwardens, Mr. Postlethwaite and Mr. James Wilson, and Messrs. A. R. Boswell, W. R. Prouse, T. R. Young, E. Prideham, John Maughan, jr., F. Ray, G. R. Allardice, and G. Holland. The large number of church members and their friends who were assembled on this occasion could not help but feel a loyal inspiration during the impressive ceremony. The British flag waved overhead while the church being built was on the old military reserve. God Save the Queen, sung to the accompaniment of the band of No. 2 company, C. R. I., brought the ceremony to a close.

*

The Toronto Architectural Club held its fourth annual meeting, at which the election of officers took place, the following being elected: President, A. H. Gregg; vice-president, Henry Sproats; secretary, Fred. P. Kelley; assistant-secretary, W. Ford Howland; treasurer, W. Percy Over; directors, J. A. Pearson and J. J. Woolnough. After the regular business of the evening was completed, the work for the coming season was outlined, and the enthusiasm displayed augurs well for the success of the coming year.

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Were we to attempt to enumerate or describe the goods which have been imported and added to our stock this season would require more space than this paper can give us. English, European and American manufacturers of the artistic and beautiful have been called upon, and from their warerooms only the latest products have been selected, with a view to gratifying the various tastes of our numerous patrons. That we have been fairly successful will, we think, be conceded by those who will favor us with a visit and take a look through our stock of WATCHES, DIAMONDS, STERLING SILVERWARE, &c. Correspondence solicited. Goods sent on approval to any part of the Dominion. Every article guaranteed. Art Room always open.

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The Season's Colors.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of the autumn styles is the gorgeous coloring. In the extensive list of colors many old favorites are retained, and the number of lovely new tints is almost indescribable. All are distinctively in somewhat lighter shades than have heretofore appeared in winter goods. Among the most striking and popular of the new colors are *eminence*, or bishop's purple, with a deep reddish tint; *page*, similar to the well known heliotrope; and *Aida*, a dull, French lilac. The most popular shades of red include *coquelicot*, a bright poppy red; a pale geranium tint; *pivoine*, or peony, a deep, metallic scarlet; and Provence red. Several lovely shades of green appear, a brilliant emerald, a pale apple-green, called *angelique*, and three different moss tints, dark, medium, and an indefinite, misty sort of light moss-green. The *vonces*, or brier greens, are rich, dark shades, which combine admirably with the lighter tones.

A long line of the beautiful browns includes a clear, light yellow brown, the various tobacco shades, chestnut and otter. *Diavolo* is a bright cinnamon brown, and *mordore*, a very dark, golden brown. Beige and castor, two old favorites of last year, retain their places in popular esteem. Three new blues are noticed, *matelot*, a bright marine hue; Iceland, a dark gray-blue; and *petit duc*, a pale tint. The lava shades are exquisite, especially a faded pinkish flesh-tint, and two deeper shades of the same. Then *Trianon* and *santol*, already known, are on the crushed raspberry tone. The old favorites, *argent*, *nickel*, and *platine* drabs, hold their own, but have strong rivals in the steel grays. Of these colors the preference is given to *eminence* purple, pinkish tan, two or three greens and the newest browns. *Magenta*, and *petunia*, a somewhat lighter shade, are very popular. Black, either by itself or in combination with all colors, is in high favor.

The gorgeous coloring of the autumn dress goods is only surpassed by the trimmings to be placed upon them, which, in addition to the color, have interwoven a background and filling of gold, recalling the richness of the Orientals. But with all this gorgeousness of color there is no bizarre effect, which would accrue were less artistic taste observed. Exquisitely blended Persian colors, intermingled with iridescent beads and gold thread, are woven upon the finest yellow gauze, forming a wide band, edged with gold bullion. This Russian trimming may be obtained in two widths, about two and four inches, and is very effective on silk and fine woolens. Bands of bullion velvet, or velvet of all colors woven with tinsel, come in two widths, wide and narrow, and make a charming garniture. Something entirely new is a crocheted trimming of many-colored sewing silks, mingled with gold thread and beads. Felt bands, in all shades and colors, with interwoven tinsel thread, form an effective and economical trimming for a plain wool dress; also the broad Russian bands of gay-colored brocade, with bullion or rough mohair threads, woven in figures. Narrow gold edgings, and solid gold bands edged with lace and embroidered with jet, are very effective. Narrow galloons of colored metal threads are shown for edging jackets, etc. An entirely new garniture is of broad, black velvet or satin ribbon in box-plaits, points embroidered and edged with jet. Wide black net, beaded in colors and gold, with fringe on one edge, to match, is very effective for girdles and other waist garnitures, and is also used for trimming the foot of skirts of handsome material. Jet retains its hold upon the popular favor, and will be used upon colored gowns as well as black ones. Braids in solid color have edges of a contrasting color or gold, and are used for trimming wool dresses.

A young hostess, who has a passion for color, gave recently a nasturtium luncheon, which for gorgeousness of color and artistic effect could hardly be excelled. The tablecloth was of light golden-yellow damask with a lustre like satin, and in the center stood a rustic basket filled with growing nasturtium vines, from which flowering sprays were trained to each place, there forming a wreath around a dainty basket of yellow China silk, overflowing with the brilliant blossoms in all tints, from deep, rich maroon, through the orange shades to pale yellow, with here and there a quaker-like wood-colored bloom. These baskets were the lady's own device. She took medium-sized finger-bowls, covered each with a very full bag of the silk, leaving a narrow shirred ruffle at the upper edge, then made a high handle of coarse wire, bent square across the top, wound it with yellow satin ribbon, trained a vine up one side, and finished it with a many-looped bow of green satin ribbon. One of the courses was nasturtium sandwiches, made of very thin slices of buttered bread, with nasturtium petals and leaves placed between them and peeping out from the edges.

Large felt hats are very fashionable for girls of all sizes. They are of all colors, usually matching the wraps, and trimmed with immense ribbon loops, either with or without plumes. The bows are placed directly in front, or a little to one side, and are confined with buckles. For girls from three to six years old there are shirred silk bonnets, brown, green, or blue, raised high above the head in front, edged with velvet or fur, and having a full cape, six inches deep, set on at the back. A large rosette at each side of the high front, with a small animal's head in the center, or feathers and loops, forms the trimming; the strings are tied under the chin.

Some of the imported garments display the novelty of two kinds of fur upon the same garment. An Astrachan collar and cuffs may be seen with an edge of Angora or Labrador, both long-haired furs. Standing fur collars, with revers notched so as to allow buttoning over for double-breasted effects, appear on most of the winter garments. Distinctively stylish is a long mantle made of *matelasse*, velvet, or heavy silk, with a Watteau back, and a short shoulder cape, cut circular so as to lie very full, trimmed with passementerie and Angora fringe, or a fringe of some other long-haired fur. *Matelasse* is also combined with velvet, which is laid flat down a broad Watteau plait and around the bottom of the long cloak. The same materials are fitted without the Watteau plait, the long loose fronts falling like tabs, and the back extended to form high puffed shoulder pieces. Linings for elegant cloaks are of rich brocade in fancy colors. Long circulars are again fashionable, lined with fur or handsome silk; they hang much fuller than formerly, and some are finished with full shoulder capes.

LA MODE.

A Bond Street Incident.

The gang at our Bond street boarding house had a new trick one of the boys had picked up somewhere down town. The necessary adjuncts were a small tin funnel, such as is used for pouring coal oil into lamps, and a coin. The discoverer of the trick took the entire caravansary out in the back yard and explained it to them. He first inserted the funnel in the waistband of his trowsers and then leaned his head back. Next, he placed a cent on his forehead and tried to drop it into the funnel. The trick seemed simple enough, and the fellows were doing their best, one after another, when the smart man of the house appeared. He was received with due deference, and after he had watched the efforts of a couple of the boys, who were not particularly clever, he aggressively strode forward and with his own air of heavy assurance asked to be allowed to try the trick.

The smart man was not an unamiable sort of a fellow; he was just looked up to as a superior person. So when he evinced a longing to try to put the copper three times out of five into the funnel, he was given the latter without a murmur. He was so positive he could drop the coin into the tin arrangement every time, that he just bet the cigars for the party with the landlord. Some of the boys tried to explain the difficulty of the thing, but the man who was looked up to would not listen. The feat was as easy as falling off a log he said. It was the smart man's prerogative to be lofty with his fellow boarders, so they bore with him. As soon as he had placed the funnel in its proper position he leaned away back and his room-mate carefully placed the cent on the middle of his forehead. At that point the latter straightened up with an expression that is never duplicated outside of a lunatic asylum. It did not take him two seconds to realize that he had been trifled with. Someone had poured a pint of cold water into the funnel. And the smart man took a tumble to himself at the same moment the prerogative lost its sawdust stuffing. Is there anything more to tell? Just that the smart party was

PEACEFUL JONES.

Miky.

Last Sunday evening after the church bells had ceased ringing, and when it was fast growing dark throughout the city, three or four young fellows lounged up Yonge street, lazily looking round for some means of passing the time.

As they came up to one of the numerous cement barrels which now adorn that thoroughfare, one of them, presumably for want of something better to do, gave the barrel a vigorous kick, which sent it rolling off towards the middle of the road. No sooner had it started on its career than—to the utter astonishment of the young men and the few passers-by who, for more or less excellent reasons, had chosen a walk in preference to church—there proceeded, apparently from the depths of the barrel, a prolonged and most pitiful wail.

The barrel met an obstacle as it neared the center of the road, and it lay jerking and rolling as if impelled by some inward force, and as it was indeed, for in a few moments a tumbled yellow head appeared at the mouth of the barrel. This was quickly followed by a white, tearful and—it must be owned—decidedly dirty little face; and, finally, after much scrambling and kicking, the owner of the face emerged.

There he stood, the wee-est, raggedest mite of humanity, looking perfectly bewildered, sobbing as if his little heart would break and rubbing his dirty little knuckles into his big blue eyes.

After much questioning from the bystanders, it was discovered that his name was Miky; that "mudder and dad went away," and that he was *so* tired and awful hungry.

I was sorry that necessity compelled me to leave without seeing what became of little Miky, but I left with the consciousness that he was in good hands, for the last I saw of him a big, burly, soft-hearted workman was gently wiping away his tears with a huge red pocket-handkerchief, and soothing him as tenderly as a woman.

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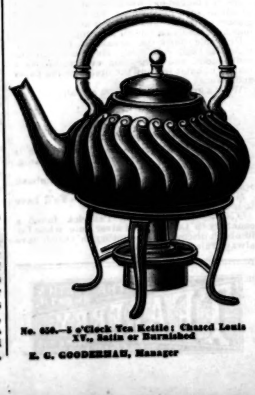
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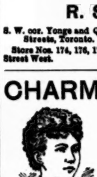
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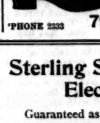
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CHAPTER XXI.

TELEGRAM FROM THE CABMAN'S WIFE.

While Ben Sherwin was pursuing his enquiries for Mary Stebbing, otherwise Pollie Caters, in Hoxton, John Crane had a busy day of a much more prosaic kind. He spent the entire morning and forenoon, save a brief visit to Muscovy place, in making out an inventory of his property. Every penny he had in the world was in the business. His assets consisted of book debts, stock, tools, materials. He wrote out a list of every thing. He had no more ready money than would carry on the business. Before he could think of going away he must provide money for contingencies, money to leave behind with Ben, and he could not go away without spending a few pounds on an humble outfit. Then there would be the expense of the voyage, and no matter how large a sum he might ultimately realize under his uncle's will, it would not do to find himself with an empty pocket thousands of miles from home in a country of which he knew little and of whose laws he was absolutely ignorant. Therefore, he should provide a few pounds, as many as would keep him going for a couple or three months after arriving at Santa Fax.

The wholesale people with whom Crane dealt were Wrighton & Fry of the Holborn viaduct. They had always professed the greatest confidence and trust in him, and had over and over again offered him credit to any amount, or money at interest to extend his business. But Crane had thankfully declined. He needed no more credit and his cautious spirit shrank from borrowing at interest to engage in transactions so speculative as the floating of new patent goods on the market.

His position was now changed. He did not want to borrow money on the doubtful security of his patents, but on the certainty of his uncle's legacy.

After dinner he betook himself to the city, and called at the great house on the viaduct. He was shown into the private office and there saw Mr. Fry—a short, handsome, grave, bald, elderly man of gracious manners. Crane explained his position, put his business into the hands of Mr. Fry, and said he wished to know if the firm would oblige him with a loan of one hundred and fifty pounds to be paid back in twelve months.

"Nothing in the world," said Mr. Fry sincerely, "would give me greater pleasure than to lend you the money, but at present the firm could not do it. I may tell you, but you are not to repeat what I say to a soul, that the refusal has nothing whatever to do with you or the firm's estimate of you. We would be delighted to advance you ten times the amount if we had only to consider your fitness for the loan, but the firm cannot lend money just now. I am very sorry indeed."

Crane threw himself back in his chair. He was wholly unprepared for this refusal. He had made as sure of getting the money as though he held the check in his hand. "I have no account above ten pounds with anybody else in the world. All the property on that list is my own and unencumbered. Could you in any way let me have the hundred and fifty on the security of this?" touching the list with his hand. "I ought to fetch three to four hundred at a sale."

"Yes. I have no doubt in the world that more than you ask might be safely lent on it by any money lender in London."

"Then I shall have to find a money lender," said Crane, rising, "for I cannot start for America without funds."

"It would be a pity if you should have to go to a money lender, for he would not let you have cash without security, and if you give him the only security he would take from you, the transaction should be made public, and that damage your credit."

"I do not owe any one but you over a ten pound note, and as you know the circumstances under which I am going to borrow the money, borrowing it will not hurt me with you, I suppose?"

"Not in the least."

"Then the money lender may publish the loan on every dead wall in London." Crane moved towards the door.

"But he will not only publish the loan, but charge you ruinous interest."

"That must be if it must be. I am not borrowing the money to ruin my business and make more money out of it. I am borrowing it for quite an exceptional purpose."

"They will charge you a cruel interest."

"If they have an article for sale I want to buy it I must pay their price," said Crane, turning the handle of the door.

"Well," said Mr. Fry, rising and going towards the young man, "I am very sorry the firm cannot let you have the money as a friendly loan. Believe me, we should like to do it, but we can't. In the strictest confidence I may tell you we have lately met with very heavy losses. However, if you are really resolved on giving security, I will see what we can do better for you as a friend than let you go to him. We will let you have money on a bill of sale and charge you only five per cent. Then you will have the money at a fair interest, and you can go away with an easy mind, as you will be in the hands of friends here."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Fry, indeed," said Crane, coming back and sitting down. "I shall, of course, be very glad if you will oblige me."

"We would not do this for any other customer we have, Mr. Crane. We cannot let you have the money without the security, and for no other customer of the firm would we have anything to do with a bill of sale. I will give you the money now and the necessary document can be completed in a day or two."

"I am very much obliged," said Crane, affected by the favor shown him. "I shall never forget this as long as I live. I shall now be able to go away with a perfectly easy mind. Of course, if I got into the hands of a shark he might do me no end of harm while I was away."

"He might sell you up, Mr. Crane, if anything went wrong—if anything went wrong with a payment," said Mr. Fry, as he handed Crane a check for a hundred and fifty pounds, "and," he added with a smile, "I needn't say you are in danger of no such treatment from us."

"You trust me now with this check," said Crane, as he cashed it, "on the understanding that "I would trust you if I did not come back for ten years."

"You might trust me as long as I live, Mr. Crane. I hope you will have a most pleasant voyage, and that you will come back a rich man. Good-bye."

The check was an open one, and Crane cashed it on his way back to North Furham from Fenchurch Street Railway Station. Already he felt at the beginning of his great journey west. There was absolutely nothing now to prevent his setting off within a few days. He should have to find out how Santa Fax was to be got at, and the document for this hundred and fifty would have to be prepared and signed, as well as the deed of partnership with Ben. It would be well to leave everything regular and ship-shape. Before setting out he should make his will, providing in it that if anything should happen him Edith might find herself in just the same position as though they had been married.

John Crane was not addicted to building castles in the air. In the present state of affairs he had solid foundation for a very handsome dwelling of the future. He had secured Edith Orr's promise to be his wife, he owned a growing business, he had a foreman or partner after his own heart, he had just heard of a fortune coming to him from the romantic depths of Central America, and he had a hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket for his journey, and this money had been given to him under conditions that would have been flattering to many another man. Crane did experience the self-satisfying flutter of flattery. He felt only a clear and calm gratitude to Wrighton and Fry, and an upholding, upbearing conviction that their confidence in him was not misplaced.

When he reached home he found Ben Sherwin waiting for him with the story of his adventures in Hoxton that day.

"And you think that cabman's wife will telegraph the address?" said Crane, when Ben had finished his story.

"Sure to do it. A most respectable woman. One of the most respectable women I ever met. Talking of women leads me to say that though cabmen's wives are, no doubt, highly useful, and even ornamental in their own walk of life, on their own rank, they are scarcely interesting. At least, I never met a cabman's wife who was interesting. Interesting! They do not suggest, as a rule, and speaking from my own experience, that a fellow ought to dash off to Wardour street, carry away from some curiosity shop a suit of mail, and challenge all the world to match the cabman's wife in female loveliness, or join in mortal combat."

"Mounted on the cabman's fiery and untamed steed?"

"Well, you needn't laugh. Or you may laugh, but you cannot persuade yourself that you are laughing at me; for I say that no one wants to do it. But, by Jove, as for girls, Hoxton is the place. Why, in the drapery where I got the clue to your cousin, there were three of the most unspeakably adorable angels I ever saw in all my life. My dear Crane, I hope when you find this cousin (as you shall to-night) you will manage to lose a few more in Hoxton. I have tried many things in my life, but I never enjoyed anything so much as looking for this missing cousin of yours, Crane," said he, dropping his voice solemnly, and putting his hand on the shoulder of the other. "I ask you as a friend to do one thing for me."

"And what—what is that?"

"Just fancy what that draper's must have been when there were four of them there. Four divine angels; four seraphs before your cousin, your pretty cousin Pollie, allowed a stranger, an outsider, to run away with her from me—from me!" The vehemence of his appeal carried him away, and he half believed at the end of it that Pollie Stebbing, on whom he had never set eyes, had jilted him cruelly.

"If I had only known," said Crane gravely, "that you were in love with Pollie a few years, before I knew you at all, I'd have advanced your wages so that you might marry her; but now as you are a partner you can advance your own wages and marry the draper's remnant of the beautiful quartette."

Sherwin laughed, and said that subject was changed. "And what have you been doing? How did you get on all day?"

Crane told him of the inventory and the visit to Wrighton and Fry on the viaduct, and of the refusal he met there.

As Crane spoke the face of Sherwin became very serious, and without allowing the other to finish he struck in with:

"I know. If you had only waited until now I could have told you there was no use in going to Wrighton and Fry for the money."

Crane stared at the other in amazement.

"What on earth do you mean? How do you know anything about Wrighton and Fry? They are the biggest people in the trade, and they have been always telling me they would be delighted to help me in any way."

He saw Ben Sherwin was the best fellow in the world, and an excellent workman, but he had never thought of looking to Ben for guidance in anything beyond the craft of his hands, and the idea of consulting Ben on an important financial matter seemed downright comic.

Ben cleared his throat with the air of a man who desired to impress his modesty upon you while he reduced you to smithereens.

"When I left Mrs. Hargreave, the cabman's wife, I moved about for a while in the neighborhood until I got beyond the Postoffice, into Newgate street, and then I began to feel peckish and looked up a place to get a mouthful of food. I sat down at a small table opposite two fellows, and in a few minutes I saw by their hands that they were in our line of work. They began to talk after a bit, and they said, without trying to hide what they were saying, that Wrighton & Fry were in Queer street, and that they'd have to go broke, or ask for time or something of that kind."

"Wrighton & Fry not safe!" cried Crane. "I don't believe a word of it. They let me have to-day they could not do what I asked in the way they would wish to do it; but they gave me the money all the same. Look," and he flung fifteen ten pound notes on the table before the eyes of Sherwin.

"I'm glad you've got the money," said Ben, "for I am quite sure from what these two fellows said that there's something wrong, or about to go wrong, with the people on the viaduct. Of course, you know I have no head for such matters, but these fellows work in the city, and they must know all that is going on and all the rumors that are about. Anyway, you are all right so long as you got the money."

At that moment a telegraph boy came into the shop with a message for Ben. It ran:

"Jesters west in Charing Cross railway station and have luggage put into cloak room."

"Lost them for the present," said Sherwin, as he threw down the telegram in disappointment.

"And it looks as if he meant they should be lost," said Crane thoughtfully.

"Meant to be lost!" said Ben, puzzled. "Why do you think they meant to be lost?"

"Well, they did not tell the people they lodged with where they were going. They drive out of lodgings saying their new house is ready for them. If it was, why didn't they go there at once, and if it was a train journey why didn't they go to one of the stations? They put their luggage in the cloak room, it seems to me, as if they wanted to get away from the cabman. There may be nothing in it; or it may be they may only have wished to get rid of some trouble; some people in Hoxton—people they owed money to, perhaps. Did you hear if they left in debt?"

"No; and if they had I should, I think, have heard of it, or got a hint of it."

"No doubt. Anyway, there is something in it and there may not be. Anyway, I don't think I shall let the matter rest where it is now."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE RACK.

That morning when Jesters strode away from the policeman of Plumstead Marshes he had in his mind no thought of evading the arm of the law. In his wildness of misery he quickly became of the intolerable agony of his mind, not owing to any fear of capture.

For a long time he did not think—did not try to think. When his brain was able to present a clear image to his consideration it was that of himself walking into a police station and giving himself up for murder. When he became a little calmer and more coherent, it appeared to him that no matter what he might have done his crime fell short of murder, and later it appeared to him he had committed no crime at all.

Then the first law of nature asserted itself, and he turned all his mind to self-preservation.

The simplest and most immediate method of saving himself seemed to be that of going to London, and thence abroad. Reflection, however, convinced him that this plan would be futile, for if nothing could be charged against him why should he flee? And if he were charged with the death of Pollie, any civilized country would give him up to England.

His best plan was certainly not to fly, for if he ran away and anything turned up against him his flight would be urged in driving home the charge.

"It may be," he thought, "that I shall never be able to clear myself fully, but that is a very different thing from their being able to prove anything at all against me. No doubt the boldest and best thing would be for me to tell the truth, to tell them that while walking in her sleep she fell into the hole. But I have not the nerve for such an ordeal. I should bungle in my answers. Though they might not be able to prove anything in a court, the popular verdict would be against me. Everyone would think I, and I alone, was responsible for her death."

Clearly he must not leave England. He might fall into a trap laid for a couple of hundred miles away from the scene of the—accident. That also would look suspicious if any enquiry were set on foot. Then he remembered another reason why he should not do this. He had no money beyond a few shillings. Yesterday he had spent nearly all the money in his pocket; there was more than a few cent, but he would not go there—he would not go there just now anyway. He had enough for that day. Let him live that day. To-day there was no reason why he should die. Of course, if things came to the worst at any time he could die.

It was eight o'clock when he came to this conclusion. He had blundered about, he knew not where, but instinctively keeping close to the river. He had avoided Fetham and Verdon, and found himself now wandering around the mean and sordid streets of Rotherhithe.

"Pah!" he cried, as he caught sight of the Thames. "The water is beginning to have the same fascination for me it had for—her."

He could not bring himself to think of Pollie by name. He did not want to think of her at all, but do what he might the spectre of her moving slowly towards the gaping trap floated ever before his eyes, and the sound of her voice crying upon him to save her haunted his ears, and came to him out of all the tumult of the metropolis—tortured piteously above all the clamor of the traffic.

He drew away from the river, and kept on till he met an omnibus bound over London bridge. He got upon the outside and lit a cigar.

Until now he had not even thought of smoking since that awful time last night. It was not until he sat down on the top of an omnibus that he became aware of two important facts in connection with himself. He was very tired and his hands and clothes were very dirty. He knew where he could get a "wash and brush up" in the city. No doubt he wanted shaving, too, and the chances were his face and hair were in a deplorable condition. Indeed, he was that his attention was attracted to external things, he noticed the men on the omnibus looking at him askance and with suspicion.

The men on the top were looking at him! What must they think? Until now he never turned his mind to his surroundings. He had read "London Bridge" on the omnibus and got on it without thinking, and now—merciful heavens! he was on his way to the bridge! He was on his way to Pollie's grave! He looking down on the water what might he see? What might he see floating with the tide! If he saw something white drifting under the arch should he shriek aloud? If he saw upturned a thin, pallid face should he fling himself from the top and spring over the parapet into the water?

The omnibus stopped. He stared round out of a thin, ghastly, horrified face.

One man nudged another on the top and whispered, "See him. What has he done? Murder by the looks of him. Eh?"

Jesters looked round for an instant. He was at the Elephant and Castle. He scrambled to his feet and with tottering steps began to descend. The conductor had already jumped upon his step and was about to pull the cord for starting when he saw the unpolished boots and unbrushed trowsers descending. He moved to get out of Jesters' way, and he did so began calling out the route he traveled. As Jesters got level with the conductor's mouth he called into Jesters' ear, "Essex road, Hoxton."

"No, no!" cried Jesters frantically. "For God's sake, not there! I did not do it!"

Jesters stepped into the roadway, covered his eyes with his hands and stood dismayed and stunned for a few moments. The conductor stood on his step regarding the other suspiciously.

"I say, gov'nor," said the conductor at length, "it looks very like as if you did do it. I'm thinking a policeman would like you to come down to the ground, and 'remanded for enquiries' would be the beak's observation. Eh?"

The meaning of this speech roused the staggered brain of the miserable man. With a prodigious effort he controlled himself, took down his hand from his face and forcing a ghastly smile said, "I had no sleep last night. I fell asleep on the top of your bus, conductor, and I don't know what I was saying. I hope I wasn't anything offensive. If it was, I apologize."

The conductor looked him up and down critically.

"Something wrong, anyway. Something creepy and wrong about you, gov'nor. Look as if you had about escaped hanging this morning. Take care of yourself, you may not be always so lucky," and he pulled his string and the omnibus rolled away.

"That's my second escape already to-day," thought Jesters. "That will never do. I must eat and drink or I shall go mad."

He turned into a restaurant and forced himself to eat and drink. He felt much refreshed and invigorated. He seemed to have exhausted his capacity for terror. "Once and for all," he told himself as he rose to leave, "I have done no crime. I will shirk nothing. I am no felon, why should I behave like a felon and throw away my reason or my liberty? Time for escaping the consequences if what has happened is ever discovered. I am an innocent man. Why should I behave like a guilty one?"

He sought a barber's and washed and shaved and brushed. He sent out for a collar and a handkerchief, and felt like a new man. His whole body took vigor and tone from the bright sunshine of the day, and with an elastic tread he set off for Verdon.

"If I am asked for an explanation—if the body is found and they demand my story, I shall tell them I saw her walk into the trap, and that I did not reach her in time to her, and held my tongue for fear of misunderstandings. If I am not asked for my story, I shall hold my tongue for ever and ever."

He took the train to Verdon, and watching for a quiet time, the workmen's dinner hour, when the streets are deserted, slipped into the St. Vincent Hotel. There was still a possibility that he might not have heard aright last night, and that something might have stayed the falling body, or that it might still be resting on the platform at the foot of the shoot.

Everything in the hotel was exactly as when he left. It seemed to be the height of folly to think any disturbance would take place or any enquiry would be started from this quiet, dreary cavern of tranced calm.

To-morrow or next day he would arrange about the removal of the furniture, and the day after the removal resign the custodianship of the hotel to Hillers, making such explanation as might seem best.

He need not stir or even touch anything to-day. All that need be done was to see things had not been disturbed, and that his hearing had not deceived him last night. So far as the great hall and the two rooms went, everything was quite satisfactory. Now, let him descend the staircase to the platform or quay beneath, and ascertain how matters stood there.

He opened the door with a little haste—just a little—and closed it quietly after him. It was pleasant to be out of the neighborhood of that door behind him than the wide echoing spaces of the great hall.

He reached the small landing stage or quay round the little dock. Nothing here to challenge the attention of the most suspicious eye. He passed out of the cavern at the opposite side. Nothing on the platform at the end of the shoot. But—

He drew back with a start.

Resting against the wall of the platform a piece of white cotton or linen hung, such a piece as might be torn from a garment passing the point quickly. He approached, and took the fragment from the broken rail. He held the piece in his hand and examined it with eyes staring wide in delighted astonishment.

Thank goodness he had come! Beneficent Fate had drawn him back to this spot! Here were a few inches of cotton which were more precious in his future than all the silk woven in all the looms of the world! Here was a piece of the night-gown, and of all pieces in the whole garment that on which the name of the wearer appeared. Here was the piece of the night-gown marked "M. Jesters." Now, could he any longer have a doubt that Fate would befriend him? How could he for a moment imagine Fate was going to play him false? With this in his possession, this being destroyed by him, the chance of their being able to identify anything found in the river was reduced to one in a million.

After this nothing could go wrong with him! Here was plainly the hand of guardian Fate! He had been torturing himself as though he were a criminal. Fate by this declared him up to that moment in all he had suffered to be a victim!

This was enough for to-day. He would go away and rest, sit in the sun and smoke. He did not feel equal to calling for his watch at Muscovy Place. To-morrow would be time enough for that. He would not even think of Muscovy place just now. It was too soon. Let him observe a kind of decency in this matter.

With bolder step he retraced his way to the great hall, and there lighting a match held the fragment of cotton over the flame until it was consumed. Then he took all the money out of his wallet and carried it over into the blithe and cheerful sunlight, feeling a new, an emancipated man.

As he walked through the streets he became suddenly aware that such things existed as evening papers. Until now he had never thought of them. But there, now facing him at every few hundred yards, were the bills of the *Star*, and *Echo* and *Evening Post*. The penny evening papers had no great circulation in Verdon.

It was some time before he could summon up courage to read these bills, but once he did so he smiled at his fears. He could not get away from the neighborhood. It seemed to him that if he went away the place might conspire against him, and the dead might rise up against him and denounce him.

He was fagged out when bedtime came, but to make sure of sleeping, he took two stiff glasses of brandy, and he being an abstemious man he slept like a top till morning.

He came down to breakfast feeling invigorated and refreshed. He went into the coffee-room, and forgetting everything, as a matter of habit took up the first morning paper and glanced at it.

With a groan he dropped on a chair.

(To be Continued.)

Judged by Results.

McGeachy (in disgust)—Wan would think it was Saint Patthrick's Day instead av th' anniversary av a dago.

O'Mara—Whii, in me own moind Columbush was the greater mon.

McGeachy (reaching for a brick)—Ye'll have to prove that.

O'Mara—O kin. Saint Patthrick found a counthry th' Oirish could niver rule, while Columbush discovered a counthry th' Oirish have always ruled.

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An Ancient Love Story.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard someone whistling; and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and rose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he:

"I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I, and placed a chair for him.

He was grandfather's landlord, but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who had brought me up, said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortune had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half-year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk to grandpa on winter nights; and still every little while young Squire Turner would drop in and sit in his lazy way, watching me knit or spin. Once he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But squire or no, I boxed his ears, and not more gently than I could help, either.

I could not prevent his coming, and I did not desire that even Evan should be angry with me. But he was—oh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's. He made me angry, and I spoke with asperity.

"For that matter, the squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than——

"Maybe you like him!"

"I don't say that. But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart-deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was not troubled much, though. I knew he would soon come round again and maybe ask my pardon. For before you are sure you can bring your lover to his senses. So I did not fret at Evan's absence, nor quite snub the squire, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in, and shutting the door stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him I couldn't pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma covered them with her hand. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Child, could'st thou like the squire well enough to marry him?"

"Eh!" cried grandmamma. "Sure you are wandering!"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass tonight. Of all women in the world there is only one he loves as he should love his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamed of gold rings and white roses on Christmas Eve," said grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky.

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out now I knew.

"Will have him and be a rich lady?" said my grandpa.

"No!" I sobbed.

"The lass is frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty all their lives. If I refused and vexed the squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"Surely she'll never ruin us," sobbed grandmamma.

Ah, it was hard to bear, but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom, laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandpa looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love. That night I kissed his ring and prayed that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on and he never came near me.

"Oh, it is cruel in him to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked," I thought. "He must know I love him."

Grandmamma would scarcely look at me—I know why now—and grandpa sighed and talked of the work-house. I thought I should die of grief.

One day grandmamma said to me:

"It seems to me that your lover is not overanxious to see you."

"Why not?"

"Where has he kept himself this month or more?"

"He's busy, doubtless," said I, smiling, though thought my heart would burst.

"You are going with him, maybe?"

"Where?"

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned to a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage!

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They told the house and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble. I'm no chatterbox to tell falsehoods about my neighbors," said Dame Coombs.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor, and seen the shutters closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home pale and trembling and sat down at grannie's feet.

"It is true," I said.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me a widow—I who have tended you from a baby."

I looked at her as she sobbed and found voice to say:

"Give me to whom you will, since my own love does not want me."

I crept upstairs and sat down on my bedside faint and trembling. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it would not come.

The next day the young squire was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! Grannie was proud and kind, all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I could not forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so, sailing away from me without a word.

I supposed they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength. The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think that aught was wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brav, gran' lover canna mak' ye smile; ye are na' that ill, sither, I opine."

"No, I'm well," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell ye a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at instead.

One night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world.

"Oh, Evan, my Evan, how can I live without thee?" I cried.

As I spoke the words I started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she asked. "Ye sent him fra ye for the sake o' the young squire."

I turned on her fiercely.

"How dare you follow me and watch me?" I demanded.

She caught my sleeve.

"Diana be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee and answer what I speer. It's for love o' you, for I've seen ye wastin' like the snaw wreath in the sun sin' the squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad 'at loved the ground ye walk on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to the young doctor's place over past the moor, and there she alighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I dinna ken, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in ony woman!' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grannie drove home. That's all I ken—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you for telling me!"

I flew to the cottage and stood before grannie. Trembling and white I said:

"Tell me, grandma, have you cheated me and robbed me of my love by a lie? Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it to Evan as if from me?—you whom I've loved and honored my life long!"

She turned scarlet.

"Your love!" said she. "You've but one true love now—the squire."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face!"

She looked down at that, and fell to weeping bitterly.

"My own love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy stand in my way and see him a beggar in his old age?"

I fell at her feet like a stone, and knew nothing for an hour or more. When I came to I was alone with Jennie. I bade her get my hood and cloak and her own and come with me, and off I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the prim old housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in evening dress, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here at——"

I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed——

I could say no more. He took my hand as I began to sob.

"Have I offended you in any way, Agatha?" he asked.

"Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" And then I broke down again.

He waited patiently till strength came to me, and I told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my neck, and the false message that had been sent my promised husband as if from me.

"And though I may never see Evan Locke again," I said, "I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

As I thus spoke the rich color died out of my listener's face—the handsome young squire was in tears.

At last he rose and came to me.

"My Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many higher and fairer have hearts to give as well as I. Mine was gone ere you saw me," I said.

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before, that night when I told grannie I would never wed him.

Oh, but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of men, who rode away at dawn on the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him flying back to the old home. Heaven bless him!

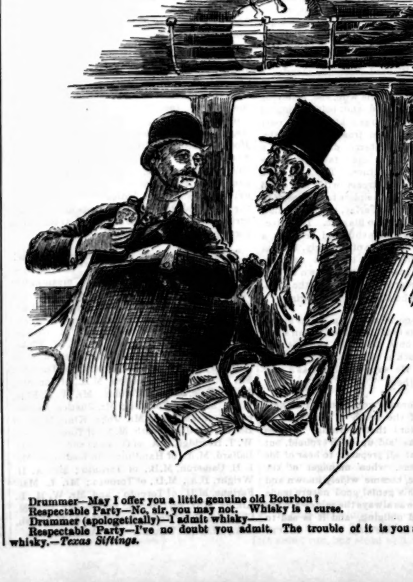
And who was it that sent grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but the squire, for whom we taught our children to pray every night. But we were married, and when our eldest child was two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened, and from over the sea, where he had been for three years, came our stately young squire with his bonnie bride beside him, and at last the hall had a mistress of its own—a sweet girl who loved her lord as I loved Evan.

This is an old story. Her that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin withered and old. They opened the vault where the squire had slept ten years, to lay her beside him. I have nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but a memory; and it seems as if every hope and joy I ever had was put away under tombstones. Even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has mouldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be ninety to-morrow. Ninety! It's a good old age, and it can't be long before I meet Evan and the rest beyond the pearly gates.

Sauce for the Goose.

Mrs. Riverside Rives—Are you crazy? Why don't you finish dressing before you come out?
Mr. Rives—Why don't you I—*Puck.*

Discouraged Hospitality.



Drummer—May I offer you a little genuine old Bourbon?
Respectable Party—No, sir, you may not. Whisky is a curse.
Drummer (apologetically)—I admit whisky.
Respectable Party—I've no doubt you admit. The trouble of it is you admit too much whisky.—*Texas Siftings.*

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"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation."—Mrs. Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

"I was cured of a sudden and dangerous cough, last fall, by the use of one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, procured of Mr. V. Allen, of this place. It is the most popular cough-cure in this country."—Agapit Robblechand, Noguac, N. B.

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Beyond Them.

Visitor—Is this Fleecem's Agency?

Private Enquiry Agent—Yes, sir; what can we do for you?

Visitor—I want you to find some land for me.

Private Enquiry Agent—At—where is it?

Visitor—Don't know.

Private Enquiry Agent—Please describe it as well as possible.

Visitor (taking deed from his pocket)—It's the N. E. quarter of the N. E. quarter, of the S. W. quarter of the S. W. one-half of——

Private Enquiry Agent—Very sorry, sir; but we can't help you. See a clairvoyant.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us that equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballasted. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

Different Manners.

His City Niece—Uncle, uncle, don't! It is very impolite to eat with your knife.

Uncle Silhu—Hang impoliteness! I let you eat with your fork when you came out to Funkville this summer, didn't I, and never let on how funny it looked to us!

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* The National Publishing Company.

A Gift.

Upson Downes—How do you like that cigar, old man?

Rowne De Bout—Fine. Who gave it to you?

Men in training for or in the field of athletic sports, at all times subject to sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds or hurts, will miss a surety of cure if they are not supplied with St. Jacobs Oil. The best for training.

Not at a Loss for Excuses.

Rarely is man or boy at a loss for excuses for not knowing what he has no mind to know, or for not doing what he has no mind to do. The wittiest that is recorded in college annals is the reason given for not answering the question, "Who were the minor prophets?"

"I do not fill this in," wrote the candidate, "because the enquiry is so invidious."

A schoolboy has now improved upon this. He handed in a written medical certificate to excuse his non-attendance. "I certify," the medical authority was made to say, "that this boy is unfit to attend school for three hundred and four days." The schoolmaster thought it odd the interval being so long and the date being yet so specifically stated; and, upon enquiry, it turned out that the doctor had written "three or four" days, which the boy had altered to three hundred and four.

He Chose the Cheaper.

In Montana it costs a man a dollar to make an affidavit and one day a rough fellow, not up in the law, called on a magistrate for such a paper. He stated his business and asked the price.

"One dollar," replied the squire.

"Has a man got to pay a dollar fer tellin' the truth?" exclaimed the visitor.

"That's the law," said the magistrate.

"Well, durn such a law. It's cheaper lyin'. Good mornin'," and he strode forth into the free air of the mountains.

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It is Sick Headache, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Giddiness, Dizziness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, and all nervous and trembling sensations are relieved by using these Pills. Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Our Christmas Number.

We can announce confidently that the forthcoming Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT will surpass anything ever produced in Canada or on the continent for that matter. The cover will be the most expensive and artistic ever put on a Christmas publication, being in seven colors, done by the new process of photo lithography. The oleograph pictorial supplement, Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still, contains sixteen colors and a burnishing, and is from a picture painted by one of Germany's most celebrated artists of the belle of the Austrian Embassy, Berlin. The Christmas Number will contain thirty-two pages of stories, sketches, poetry and pictures, and to show the expense to which we have gone and the excellence of contents which we have procured, it is only necessary to name our story contributors.

Tom's Little Sister, by John Habberton, author of Helen's Babies. Illustrated by Victor Gribeyedoff.

Little Lady, by Ida Burwash, author of Isabel's Christmas. Illustrated by Feraud.

Kate Gordon's Christmas Miracle, by Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated by F. A. Feraud, Bernard Partridge, A. H. Howard, and by photo pieces of Bohemian life.

The Nephew of His Uncle, by Octave Thanet. Illustrated by Kembal, the same artist who does her work for *Scribner's* and *The Century*.

The Rich Relation, by George Parsons Lathrop. Illustrated by Feraud and Partridge.

Senor the Engineer, a Mexican story, by Edmund E. Sheppard. Magnificently illustrated in French vignetting by Feraud.

Large full-page pictures by the best artists. Poetry, sketches and fun by various authors.

It will be issued, as usual, on December 1.

The Drama

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE finest bouquet of artists seen here this season is the Coghlan Company at the Grand in Sardou's play, Diplomacy. Five gentlemen and two ladies in the cast possess unusual talent, and the others are extra good people for the insignificant parts filled by them. The play is almost entirely a conversational one, and its most brilliant and engrossing parts are found in the converse of people thrown together in the ordinary manner of every-day life. It is not necessary to go into the plot, which is long and intricate, although it unfolds itself easily on the stage. Charles Coghlan merits all the good things said of him by critics, for his part is made great by his skill and might go off very indifferently in less competent hands. He does not play, but lives the part. His Henry Beauclerc is one of those shrewd, sure, immovable Englishmen, who can pit himself in any capacity against any comer, and win or lose with unruffled equanimity. It is noticeable that the heroes of the English and American drama widely differ. This is written advisedly and without forgetting Sardou. One is calm, dignified, deliberate and solid, the other energetic, flip and flashy—showing the characteristics of the two peoples with considerable faithfulness. The difference does not come out in historical dramas, but in modern ones; it was seen when Kendall was here and will be seen again when Willard comes next week. I think no stronger and better sustained piece of acting has been seen here for years than that given by Charles Coghlan, John T. Sullivan and Fred Robinson, when the latter (Count Orloff) pronounced Dora an adventuress and a spy of the Russian police, without knowing that Dora and Julian Beauclerc (Sullivan) had been married a couple of hours before. The work done by all three is magnificently true in its most microscopical details. Dora comes running in and her husband requests her to retire, and then the embarrassment of his position almost overwhelms the count. He attempts to withdraw, but the husband bars the way and asks an explanation. Orloff protests that it was cruel and unjust to have allowed him to proceed with his remarks without informing him that Julian had married Dora. Julian simply bids him explain, but Orloff with his high standard of honor, courteously declines to speak; rather than speak ill to a friend of that friend's wife, he tries to make himself appear as one who wantonly had defamed an innocent woman. He apologizes, admits that he was wrong, that he was over hasty, that his hardships had made him spiteful against everyone, and that he had nothing but the vaguest suspicions for his harsh accusation. John T. Sullivan as Julian could not have been surpassed. His voice had the true, indefinite something in it of a man in a terrible turmoil of soul. As he alternately implored and commanded the other to speak out, his voice had the thinness, the tears, the desperation, the repression and the fury, that some few of us may have come across once or twice in our lives at never-to-be-forgotten interviews. Then, when the wear of the thing had exhausted his power of control and he heaps epithets upon the troubled gentleman before him, quick as the words of lightning could be exchanged a duel was arranged. Count Orloff could not as an honorable man frame a charge against the wife of his friend, but he could fight a duel with that friend and regard it as a blessed deliverance from an embarrassing position. Then Coghlan, the brother of Julian, interposes, and sets the matter in a new light before the count, whose judgment convinced, he proceeds to explain with sorrow and agitation. Sadie Martinot, as Dora, was as graceful and lovable as she always has been, and Rose Coghlan as Countess Zicka made a strong woman of the world. Robert Fischer, as Baron Stein, was thorough, and Grant Stewart could by no means have been improved upon as Algie Fairfax. There is considerable local interest taken in this latter gentleman and there is warrant for the prophecy that he will distinguish himself one of these days. He displays faultless good sense, whatever part is entrusted to him, and does not put on the agony of a star when playing a minor *role*.

•

Joshua Simpkins has been at the Academy this week. It is one of those rural pieces in which several unconscionable greenies go to the city of Washington to get rich after a fortune and fall into the hands of sharpers, whose schemes always miscarry through the eternal vigilance of the seemingly thick-witted Joshua. The latter always bobs up with a couple of muzzle loading derringers in his hands, and asks the crooks to try a dose of his Gee-whizz patent medicine. In one place the crooks steal his trunk and on opening it to secure the forty thousand dollars contained in it, up bobs Joshua like a Jack-in-the-box, and the villains are foiled. The same pair of crooks, however, are allowed to mingle in the same home-circle, happy-family manner with the Simpkinses after being foiled half a dozen times. The singing and dancing of Miss Lettie Wright and Miss Lucy Revere were repeatedly encored, and on Tuesday evening some friend of the former lady, presumably in the florist business, had a very handsome bouquet passed over the footlights.

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The three matinees each week at Jacobs & Sparrow's nearly always bring out full houses. I went in Tuesday afternoon and found the orchestra and galleries comfortably filled, for the most part by mothers and their families, who could not be induced to attend the theater at night. They were enjoying The Cruikseen Lawn immensely. The play was written by Dan McCarthy, and has been seen here before more than once, and as all the Irish plays resemble each other considerably it requires no outlining at this time and place. Chas. McNurney as Paddy Miles is entitled to more than passing notice. Last week I complained that so far we had not seen a really laughable Irishman at any of the houses this season. McNurney is my answer. He is not the funny stage Irishman for whom I was sighing, such as Girard, but he more truly delineates character. His Paddy Miles is a character often met, and not a bit overdrawn, as those who know can testify. He romps like a youth and afterwards recollects that he is not a boy; he is always ready to wrangle with anybody, and make a great show of fighting, yet his innate kindliness is so great that he would not hurt a fly. When he mounted to his bed-room after being chased from below and then turned around at intervals, shaking his head threateningly at the stairway, and in a low voice daring anybody to come and put him out, his absurdity was rich. That old quilt scene never seems to grow stale. It is always laughably ridiculous, and he made a capital bull in remarking, as he looked expostulatingly at the quilt that failed to reach to his feet, "I have cut the end off that quilt t'ree times, and it's too short yit." Thomas J. Smith is a new man in the *role* of Dublin Dan, but he throws a great deal of dash into it. Miss Lois Ripley was here before as Nora Maguire, and if the brogue glided a little more easily off her tongue her part would be perfect. The Cruikseen Lawn is a great house pleaser.

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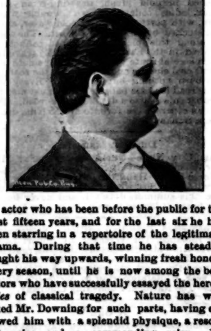
The Academy of Music will offer to its patrons next Monday night a rare treat in Mr. Robert Downing and his powerful company, whose engagement will be the dramatic event of the season at that house. Mr. Downing is



an actor who has been before the public for the past fifteen years, and for the last six he has been starring in a repertoire of the legitimate drama. During that time he has steadily fought his way upwards, winning fresh honors every season, until he is now among the best actors who have successfully essayed the heroic *roles* of classical tragedy. Nature has well fitted Mr. Downing for such parts, having endowed him with a splendid physique, a resonant voice and a commanding mien. He is possessed also of a deep insight into character, and the artistic temperament which yields itself to the depiction of passion and emotion. Of a studious disposition, and never afraid of work, he has improved on the gifts of nature and has made of himself the greatest exponent of the line of parts that he plays. But Mr. Downing is not an actor who relies solely on his own excellence. He believes that to secure a good performance of a great play, the support as well as the star must be strong. His company has been selected with special reference to giving a performance of general artistic merit. The engagement will open on Monday night, at the special request of the Knights of Pythias, who will attend in a body, with John Banim's popular play of Damon and Pythias, which will be given by Mr. Downing in its entirety for the first time in this city. Tuesday night the bill will be Virginius, a play in which Mr. Downing has won most substantial honors, and in which he will be ably assisted by gifted Eugenie Blair as Virginia, Frederick Mosley as Icilius, Mark Price as Appius, George Macomber as Dentatus, and the rest of his splendid company in the other parts. The Gladiator, another play which has found in Mr. Downing the best exponent of its principal character, will be played Wednesday and again Saturday night. Thursday will be given over to a fine production of Julius Cæsar, and Friday to a superb production of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, Othello. The only matinee of the engagement will be played on Saturday, when Mr. Downing will appear as Ingomar in Miss Lovell's beautiful play of that name, with Eugenie Blair as Parthenia, a part the requirements of which she is said to fill more completely than any actress since the retirement from the stage of Mary Anderson.

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The coming of so distinguished an actor as Mr. E. S. Willard is a theatrical event of note. Next week he will make his first appearance in Toronto, but his fame as an actor has long preceded him. Mr. Willard is to-day one of the best living English actors. When Mr. Irving first came over here Mr. Willard was a stock actor in London, but since then he has pushed his way to the front, and stands on an equal footing with Irving. For several years Mr. Willard has been a great London favorite, and he has amassed wealth as well as fame. He has a theater of his own in London, where he has produced most of Henry Arthur Jones' plays. It was A. M. Palmer who persuaded Mr. Willard to come to America, and his success in New York was as great as in London; Mr. Willard playing an engagement of twenty-two weeks and creating such a sensation that he is now making his third consecutive American tour. Mr. Willard will appear at the Grand on Monday next, presenting The Middleman, supported by A. M. Palmer's company, headed by Miss Marie Burroughs, and including Miss Nannie Craddock, Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Emma Rivers, Miss Ethel Douglas, Miss Keith Wakeman, Mr. Louis Massen, Mr. Harry Cane, Mr. Fred Tyler, Mr. Holliday, Mr. Barfoot, Mr. Percy Winter, Mr. Hugh Harting and Mr. Royce Carleton.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, commencing on Monday night, October 24, and continuing all the week, N. S. Wood will present Out in the Streets, in which he was seen two seasons ago. The story of the play, which is a dramatization of Charles Gaylor's novel by the same name, is as follows: Sydney Heaton, the son of a New York millionaire, under the assumed name of Richard Norman, marries a country girl. A blind daughter is born to them. Heaton deserts his wife, she believing that he has been drowned, and being tempted by his father, who declares that it is the only thing that can save them from financial ruin, he marries Blanche Naberly, daughter of a wealthy banker. He is then taken into the banking-house as a partner. The real wife wanders through the streets with her blind daughter and is carried helpless to the hospital, where she dies. Harry Farley, a young sailor, takes the young child into his care. To protect it the better, he leaves his ship and becomes a clerk in the banking-house of Naberly, Heaton & Co. From this point the plot develops naturally until at last Heaton is shown to be a bigamist and is ordered forever from the presence of his wife, who adopts the blind girl.

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An old theater-goer informs me that unless he is mistaken this is not Charles Coghlan's first appearance in Toronto, but that he came here with Lester Wallack several years ago, in Mrs. Morrison's time. He says Coghlan was a very clever actor even then.

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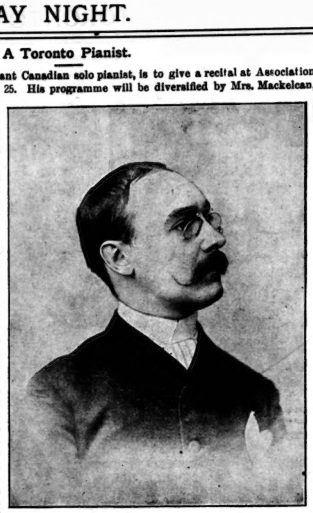
The people of Toronto were shocked to hear on Wednesday of the death of Mr. Percival Greene at Brantford that morning. It was known that he was laid up with typhoid, but nobody here was at all prepared to hear of his death. Mr. Greene, when manager of the Academy of Music, became widely known and wherever known his genial good nature made him popular. He was always the same—always good-humored and obliging, and it is sad to find his life cut off in this way.

MACK.

A Toronto Pianist.

Mr. Harry M. Field, the brilliant Canadian solo pianist, is to give a recital at Association Hall on Tuesday evening, October 25. His programme will be diversified by Mrs. Mackelcan, contralto, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Adamson, the solo violinist. Herewith is given an interesting foreign press notice concerning Mr. Field: "At the 14th concert of the Orchestral Musical Society a young artist won for himself laurels, the piano virtuoso, Mr. Harry Field, to whom one may forecast from his present proficiency a brilliant artistic career. The young pianist, if we compare his present playing with that at a concert of the same society at the beginning of the season, showed quite marked progress; not only in regard to technique, but also, especially, in truly artistic production. It is a pleasure to observe how Mr. Field understands how to work out in the cleverest and most correct manner the ideas of the compositions which he had chosen, especially the magnificent touch and beautiful phrasing reflect credit upon the Martin Krause school. Herr Field played, first, four pieces from Schumann's Carnival, which were followed by the etude, opus 25 (in dur), of Chopin. The hearty recognition which these numbers produced rose to prolonged applause and loud cries of "bravo," when Herr Field, in his second appearance, gave two Liszt piano compositions, valse impromptu and polonaise in E major, with wonderful artistic skill. Technical difficulties exist no longer for Herr Field. This is shown by the difficult passages played with great bravoure and the extraordinary correct octave playing. The young pianist will grace any concert hall."—*Halle Zeitung, Feb. 3, 1891.*



'Varsity Chat.

BY THE essays and discussions at the Modern Language Club meeting on Monday, it was evident that the writings of Tennyson are much read and highly appreciated by the students. Essays were contributed by Miss Kingsmill, Mr. O. J. Stevenson and Mr. J. D. Phillips, and a number took part in the discussions.

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Mr. Alfred Tennyson De Lury, B. A., lecturer in mathematics, is president of the Literary and Scientific Society this year, and if he will take as much interest in the society while he is president as he took when as an undergraduate he hustled for votes, his year will be a successful one indeed. Mr. De Lury has also another office, for he has been appointed dean of residence in place of Prof. Baker, resigned.

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Clark University, Worcester, Mass., is managed by men of good judgment, if we are to take as evidences of this the foresight shown in their choice of fellows. They have given fellowships to a number of our good men in the past, and now they have honored Mr. J. F. Howard, B.A., with a fellowship in mathematics. Mr. Howard was one of our fellows last year, and we wish him abundant success. Several others have received appointments as follows: Mr. D. P. McColl, '92, to the head mastership of Calgary High School; Miss Rose, '91, to the position of classical teacher in Picton High School; Mr. R. K. Duncan, '92, to a fellowship in chemistry at Clark University; Mr. W. S. McLay, '91, to the chair of English at McMaster; Mr. John McGowar, B. A., late fellow in mathematics here and at Clark University to a lectureship at Princeton.

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Friday next has been "picked upon" for the holding of the annual sports. The committee is as follows: President, R. S. Strath; secretary, E. B. Horne; treasurer, T. McDougall. Committee: Messrs. J. T. Breckenridge '93, P. Parker '93, D. M. Duncan '94, W. C. Linglebach '94, J. McArthur '95, W. Hendry '95, J. Falconbridge '95, and J. Gilmour. School of Science: Messrs. A. Goldie, W. Rolph and D. Fitzsimmons.

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The Baptists are rallying around their university—McMaster—with much enthusiasm. The other evening Dr. T. H. Rand was installed as chancellor, and other ceremonies took place, all of which showed that the church is deeply interested in the success of her higher educational institutions. McMaster was for some time affiliated with us, and even yet among our best men are to be found good and true Baptists, for this denomination has always stood firmly for liberty of conscience and free right of choice for the individual. Success to men who hold such principles is the wish of all liberally educated men.

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On Saturday evening last the first annual meeting of the Women's Literary Society, University College, was held and a reception was tendered to the ladies of the first year. Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake were present and were attentive listeners to the discussion on a college residence for women. The honorable gentleman expressed his sympathy with the determination of the ladies to raise funds for the proposed residence, and opened the subscription list with $1,000. Miss M. O'Rourke is corresponding secretary to the society.

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The senate elections, fought out with so much high feeling and "bad English," as displayed in the diffuse and somewhat meaningless though often insinuating correspondence published during the summer months, have come to an end. The following are the successful candidates: In arts—Hon. J. M. Gibson, M.A., LL.B., of Hamilton; Mr. S. H. Blake, B.A., of Toronto; Prof. Alfred Baker, M.A., of Toronto; Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A., of Toronto; Mr. W. H. Vander Smissen, M.A., of Toronto; Mr. W. Dale, M.A., of Toronto; Mr. W. H. Ellis, M.A., M.B., of Toronto; Mr. Justice Falconbridge of Toronto; Mr. John King, M.A., of Berlin; Mr. John Seath, M.A., of Toronto; Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.A., of Ottawa; and Mr. W. H. Ballard, M.A., of Hamilton. In medicine—Mr. I. H. Cameron, M.B., of Toronto; Mr. A. H. Wright, B.A., M.D., of Toronto; Mr. L. MacFarlane, M.D., of Toronto; and Mr. W. H. B. Aikins, M.D., of Toronto. In law—Mr. John M. Clark, LL.B., of Toronto; and Mr. A. H. Marsh, B.A., LL.B., of Toronto.

ADAM RUFUS.

Love's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Far over all Night's shadow swiftly falling,
Deepened and darkened till the world seemed lost,
Then, through the gloom I heard a sweet voice calling,
Cheering my heart when it was sinking most.

And through the mist with ar xious eyes still peering,
A pure, sweet face looms up all wreathed in smiles,
Whose gladsome sunlight all the skies are clearing,
And gathering clouds of cares and fears and toils;

That hovered o'er my life, like more mists flying
Before the glory of the dawning day,
Vanish, forgotten; and the storm winds' sighing
In music low and sweet, melts all away.

Would that my lot might lead me ever near thee,
That I might feel thy presence in each place
Like some sweet influence, that I still might hear thee
With Music's voice, and look upon thy face.

W. H.

The Sigh of the Pine.

For Saturday Night.

Hush! 'tis night, the hot day is over,
All nature is sinking—is sinking to rest;
The humming bee's gone to his bed in the clover,
The little bird rocks to sleep in the nest;
The green rustling leaf, the gentle breeze kisses,
The lilac's perfume is wafted to me;
And list to the music—the music so dreamy—
Hark! does thou hear it? the sigh of the tree.
Slowly and sadly the sad notes are sounded,
The gnarled old tree is weeping for me,
It knows all my troubles, my trials and my sorrows;
Hush! list to the sigh of that dear old tree,
Its giant arms are swinging sadly and slowly,
Keeping time with my thoughts so sad.
Moan again, moan again, backwards and forwards,
It laughs with me never when I am glad.
That giant old pine tree is part of myself,
The saddest, the dearest—the glorious part;
Its sighs with me, cry with me, never forgets me,
And touches the soothing chord in my heart.
Moan again, moan again, dearest of trees,
Draw out the pain from this sad, weary heart;
Sigh again, cry again, never forget me,
For thou art my saddest—my glorious part.

BLANCHE W——.

A Mother's Love Song.

For Saturday Night.

Sleep, my child—why dost thou tremble?
Sleep; thy mother watcheth near.
She will guard thy infant slumbers,
She will keep thee—do not fear.
Dost thou hear the storm that beateth
Hard against the window pane?
'Tis but wings of angels fanning
Golden dreams to thee again.

Sleep. The moonbeams flood thy pillow,
Softly beaming round thy head.
Sleep. The stars are slanting earthward,
They will guard thy cradle-bed.
But thy mother still is near thee,
Still is watching through the storm.
Stars may fall, the moon be hidden,
She will keep thee safe from harm.

Dost thou feel thy mother love thee?
Cat st thou hear her beating heart?
While it throbs thy cry of terror
Pierces it with cruel dart;
All the blood that pulses through it,
Flowing warmly, would be shed,
If the shadow of a peril
Fell across thy baby head.

Sleep, my darling babe, nor shudder
At the storm that rageth nigh.
Close thine eyes until the angels
Soothe thee with a lullaby.
Child, the mother-love that guards thee
Holds thee fast—a cord of gold.
Sleep, nor fear the darkening tempest,
Thou art safe within the fold.

LAURIEN DARR.

O! Summer Day!

For Saturday Night.

O! summer day! O! summer night!
Return with all thy gone delight;
And thou, dear one, in mem'ry's ray
Art shining brightest there to-night.
Each meaning wind that sweeps the plain,
Like spirits sighing breathes thy name,
Each long-loved moment with thee spent
Returns, with a sad witchery blent
Over my weary heart—ah me!
That only thought is left of thee!
Yet in thy name there lives a spell
Which thrills me still—no tongue can tell
What thou hast been—what still thou art,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart.
How canst thou know that and to-night
Thy thoughts stead o'er me as I write!
The past in living light returns,
A sadness in my bosom burns,
A wild, wild longing to live o'er
The happy days that come no more.

M. D.

October.

For Saturday Night.

Athwart the western sky soft-touched with crimson gold,
Slow-sailing clouds in downy clusters flee,
Affrighted at the listless paddle's sweep
A flock of wild-ducks soar in rapid flight
To where the rice-beds' slender grasses bend,
And, bending, kiss the lakelet's waters cold.
The timid quail, in hiding, slyly
Peeps from out the crimson woods; quick leap
Along the rustic fence grown wild, bright
Guardians of the hazel's russet store.
The golden-rod in stately beauty still,
In proud disdain of autumn frost and chill
October's ruthless hand, her queenly form doth raise
To greet the hares that scurry quickly by,
Scattering the leaves that in their pathway lie.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILSON.

Rain at Night.

For Saturday Night.

Dark was the night and drear,
Nothing to cheer.

Drip, drip, drip, came the rain
On window pane.

The big round drops came down
Over the town.

Splash, splash, splash, in the mud
With a dull thud.

People run here and there
And everywhere.

Boots, dresses and hats are spoiled,
Oh! my! so soiled.

Yet on the trees you fail
Water them well.

Damp and cold in the park
All in the dark.

Drip, drip, drip, wet and drear
Till daylight's here.

Welcome, O rain, to earth
To give things birth.

Welcome by one and all
Go on and fall.

FLORA MACDONALD.

[NOTE.—This poem is given as an illustration of the new and highest variety of verse which is supersoding the old style dear to the editor's heart. The magazines have wrought this change.—EDITOR.]

Between You and Me.

A BRIGHT little friend from the west end writes me referring to the rules for church behavior, which, especially the dress restrictions, she is quite ready to endorse; a clergyman, writes objecting to them, and taking me to task for giving them publicity, and a man, who is evidently not a clergyman, but a sensible person and as evidently full of reverence, says he wonders whether Toronto women will ever have sense enough to adopt them. So it's two to one against the clergyman, and the wicked side of me is glad. I don't know when I first began to dislike the idea of a clergyman, but it was when I was very small. Away in the little Canadian town where I was born, when hotels were scarce and accommodation poor, clergymen were always coming to stay with us, in our elastic and India rubbery cottage home, that spread wide, low eaves over them and us, like a brooding hen. They interfered with our birthdays and spoiled our picnics, they monopolized our mother and deprived us of our father, they ate a great deal and oh! crowning wickedness, they patted us on the head! We used to hold *seances* with bated breath, extinguished in their old-fashioned chimney-pot hats and brandishing their walking-sticks, and often we whispered dire and dreadful wishes that they would all die—and go—well, anywhere out of our invaded and disturbed home place. They were embryo deans and canons and even bishops, but we recked not of their future glory; we hated them and reviled them behind their backs, and were meekly hypocritical before their faces. And somehow all my baby grievances turned me against clergymen in general, though I am very fond of some in particular, and no grievance haunts us and keeps its flavor like the one we suffered under in our bib and tucker days!

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I am not a bit sensitive about my age, but the other day I was furious with a creature who told me of it. He was jovial, rosy, loud-voiced, and we were in a *clique* of young, smart folk, who were rather fond of a laugh, even at the expense of a friend. This is the way he exploited his knowledge. "Ah, yes, ho, ho, it was a good many years ago! Let's see; why, you were a baby then, Lady Gay. Ah, yes, ho, ho, ho! nearly forty years ago, ha, ha, ha! Well, we don't get younger in forty years!" and he laughed and chuckled and a ghastly silence fell around the circle, waiting for the death, I fancy, but I didn't kill him. I rose to the occasion and congratulated him on having retained his memory at his advanced age, till he stopped chuckling and apologized for having mentioned dates, and then I *did* feel like choking him!

•

I saw some pretty little chaps the other day, the members of Dr. Barnardo's Home band. They look so natty and trim in their neat navy uniforms, trimmed with white braid *a la militaire*, and their jaunty little forage caps. They made me laugh by their outspoken disapproval of Ireland, where they had lately made a tour and been most unmercifully guyed by the small Mickies and Paddies, who took great delight in airing their native wit at the band's expense. The concert they arranged to give in Association Hall was postponed on account of the serious illness of their teacher, but I hope we shall hear them play in the course of another month.

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A lady writes me complaining that there is too little sociable society in Toronto. "It has all the stiffness of a large city, without its public resources in the way of amusement," says this correspondent. "Why can't people meet informally, socially, for an evening's fun, without the parade of invitations and costly dress?" They do, my dear madame, all around you, but if you are not with them, let me suggest to you to get up a social club, have four or five hostesses, and meet once a week or twice, if you're very fond of social intercourse (as I perceive you are). A dozen kindred spirits to begin with, it will soon grow, if it is managed aright, and a very simple *menu*, with good temper and gracious solicitude that your neighbor be happy, will give you an inexpensive, successful series of social meetings which ought to keep your spirits up. A euchre club, a musical club, or if you are frisky enough, a dancing club should be in every *clique* which does not go in for a regular fashionable campaign of gaiety. All sorts of little pleasant acquaintances and sometimes firm friendships are formed in a well directed club. I know of half a dozen clubs now flourishing in our midst which are the jolliest means conceivable of making folks friendly and interested in one another. I hope my lady correspondent will prove for herself this winter that the stiffness and parade she complains of are but existent in her own sensitive fancy, and that she will happen upon some of the happy circles which are flourishing all around her, or if not, that she will inaugurate one of her own.

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I saw the funniest thing at a matinee the other day. It was a very small, bright, winsome baby, who succeeded, before she got through, in controlling the attention of the players, the orchestra and the very slim audience. She overheard a remark regretting that so good a play was so poorly attended, and she was impressed thereby to such an extent that she began to hunt up various dilapidated dollies which she and her mother had brought to the matinee, and arrange them on the vacant chairs. Then she remarked that they could not see well, and proceeded to transfer them to the velvet orchestra rail. They looked so intensely comical as she trotted about with them and squatted them along behind the spectacled cornet player! We quite forgot the play in our anxiety to catch his expression when their proximity dawned upon him. It was quite worth waiting for! Then baby rebuked the prima donna for making too much noise, when she declaimed her lines, and you know how shrill and clear a girl baby can talk. By the time she had delighted the audience, rattled the caste and made the orchestra giggle, she suddenly remembered that she wanted to go home, and howled dolefully, but recovered sufficiently to call a gracious "good-bye" to all and sundry as her mother carried her off. I shall never see that orchestra rail again without remembering the rakish dollies black and white, perched upon it, while their tiny owner surveyed them approvingly and said contentedly: "More people now!"

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Margaret L. Knight is the inventor of the machine that makes square-bottomed paper bags.

Miss Marsden's collection towards a hospital for the lepers of Siberia has reached five thousand dollars.

The wife of Daudet, the popular French author, is known throughout France as a writer for children.

Joel Chandler Harris, author of the Uncle Remus sketches, is about to revisit his birthplace on the African coast, where his parents were once engaged in missionary work.

The French human ostrich, Cligno, has a new trick. He swallows a watch. The spectators watch him swallow and then listen to what they are sure is the ticking of the time-piece in his inwards.

Richard Francis Burton was one of the busy men of modern times. He wrote fifty books, made a literal translation of the Arabian Nights, with notes, and had command of twenty-nine languages.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier peer of the realm, is about to make another pilgrimage to Lourdes, in the hope of mitigating the condition of his son and heir, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who is blind, deaf and dumb.

Verestchagin, the celebrated Russian painter, has settled himself at Moscow, where he intends to reside permanently, and he is going to paint a series of huge pictures representing the principal events of the French invasion of 1812.

"The first time I ever saw Lord Roseberry was in Edinburgh, when I was a student, and I flung a clod of earth at him. He was a peer; those were my politics." This is the opening paragraph of Barrie's new book, an Edinburgh Eleven.

The Khedive is making himself solid with the newspapers. He starts in with decorating the wife of the editor of *El-Ahnam* with the order of the Ghefakat—whatever that is—and by giving a newspaper proprietor a place in the foreign service.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, while rambling in the suburbs of Philadelphia recently, ventured to sit on a bench beneath a tree on private grounds; whereupon a child informed him that he was trespassing on her father's property, and politely escorted him off the domain.

Lord Morris of Spiddall, who occupies Ireland's highest legal office—the lord chancellorship—is the possessor of a mellifluous brogue unsurpassed by any in his native Connaught. The otherwise dignified chancellor revels in his broad accent and in the embarrassment which it creates in court at all important public functions.

Though seventy-four years of age, Mr. Froude succeeds the late Mr. Freeman as professor of modern history at Oxford. He has been criticized as sacrificing substance to form, or accuracy to style. It is not easy to be at once solid and showy. The poet may soar and sing. The historian is limited to time, space and record.

When Verdi wrote Aida it was looked upon as his last work. Sixteen years later he wrote Otello, and the year following Falstaff. He now tells a friend that he thinks of writing another opera, with the libretto by Boito. "It is impossible for me to remain idle," said he; "I am still alive and well, and why should I not begin another work?"

To illustrate how widely read a man is Sir Lyon Playfair, one of the new British peers, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives this list of authors from whom (in addition to several pure scientists) he quoted in his presidential address to the British Association in 1885: Emerson, Washington, Swift, Frederick William of Prussia, Shakespeare, Milton, Voltaire, Epictetus, Goethe, Virgil, Euripides, Swedenborg, Addison, Chi Hwangti, Antipater, Homer, Solomon, Jules Simon, Horace Mann, Ali Mohamet, Pope Philip the Good, Plato, Aristotle, and the Prince Consort.

Emin Pasha, the African explorer, when very young became enamored of a pretty Hungarian girl, a child still in short dresses, and though "no words of love passed between them," as the story relates, Emin cared for her so that he has never since been fascinated by another woman. He became a recluse, almost a misanthrope, but years later when called, as a physician, to attend the wife of Ismail Pasha he recognized in her his youthful sweetheart. After the vicissitudes of war and of long confinement in prison Ismail died and Emin, declaring his love for the first time, wooed and won the widow.

Another royal engagement recently announced is that of Princess Margaret of Prussia, the sister of Emperor William of Germany, to Prince Charles of Hesse. The *Illustrated American* says of her: "She was the favorite and youngest daughter of the Emperor Frederick, and since her father's death she has not left her mother's side for a single day. She is an excellent artist, while her literary faculty has made her very useful in sorting out and arranging her father's papers and diaries, with an ultimate view to their publication. Although Princess Margaret is not pretty, she has a frank, pleasing countenance, and her sweetness of disposition caused her to be nicknamed, when a little girl, 'Laughing Goose-blossom.' Her attachment to Prince Charles of Hesse dates from some time back, and, although she was spoken of as a possible bride for the Czarowitch, the Crown Prince of Italy, or Prince Christian of Denmark, she has always declared she would marry near home, so as not to be separated from her mother. Princess Margaret spends two hours a day in grounding herself in the best English literature; her favorite novelists are Miss Austen and Thackeray. She admires Froude above all living historians, and, like her mother, makes a point of reading every new work of any importance published in London."

Dominion Day at Elmroot.---Finis.

Telling how Weary Walker Performs a Great Feat and Deserts the Deacon.

BY MACK.

Illustrated by Carl Ahrens.

THE Professor made a most flowery speech indeed. But when all was said and done the people were mad. They said it was a put-up job, a howling shame, and the old fakir and the committee ought to be mobbed. All were talking at once.

"Say, Weary," exclaimed the Deacon, as the pair mingled with the crowd, brushing bread-crumbs off their vests, "d'yer catch on to wot's de matter? Dere ain't no parashooter and dey'r offerin' t'ree pails of money to de man wot'll do de drop."

Weary offered to hold the Deacon's clothes, but that gentleman did not want any "balloon in his." He suggested, however, that it would be a tall joke for them to get into the balloon and steal "the whole blame circus."

"Look here, Deacon, seriously. Why shouldn't I go up and make that drop and get the money? If it wasn't for the infernal whisky I wouldn't be a tramp; and it isn't long ago since I was just as good as anybody and lived in a town about the size of this. Now look at me! But if I had that money I could dress up decent and get a job in one of these country printing offices and be somebody."

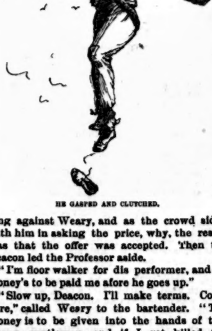
"Weary, forgive dese tears, but I can't help it when I hear 'ow yer wuz led off by evil companions an' quit going ter Sunday school." And the Deacon wiped his leering eyes with the bundle he carried in his hand.

"You always was a tramp," went on Weary, "and don't know anything about any other kind of living, but I do." A moment's pause. "If I go up and win the money, I'll give you five dollars and let you go, but if I get killed, why, you'll get all the money."

"He's a-goin' to do it—he's a-goin' to do it, sure," exclaimed the scoffer, his interest quickened by the explanation of how his personal fortunes would be affected. "He's goin' up, and wotever goes up is sure to come down—even if it comes down busted. Weary, be a man—do it, do it. It's as easy as rolling off de roof of a church."

There was still quite a crowd around the Professor's tent when the two tramps walked up, and the Deacon opened the subject by saying that his pardner would "do de drop," but wouldn't take a cent less than a hundred and twenty-five dollars. The crowd was all eyes and ears, and more eyes and ears gathered around rapidly.

The Professor made every attempt to get the job done for less, but as there was nobody bidding against Weary, and as the crowd sided with him in asking the price, why, the result was that the offer was accepted. Then the Deacon led the Professor aside.



HE GASPED AND CLUTCHED.

"I'm floor walker for dis performer, and de money's to be paid me afore he goes up."

"Slow up, Deacon. I'll make terms. Come here," called Weary to the bartender. "The money is to be given into the hands of this young gentleman, and if I get killed the boodle's to be given to my pardner, all but twenty-five dollars for my funeral. If I come down all right, I'm to get the money on the spot."

The committeemen raised a kick about putting up the money before the performance, but a strange influence set to work and put the members of the committee and everybody else into excellent humor, and the money was placed in the bartender's hands. That worthy looked as if he were going to explode with importance. The barber edged up, but the bartender looked coldly over his head. The influence that so quickly restored good humor and caused the treasurer to put up his money so cheerfully was this: a word went around that Weary was none other than Magnifique himself, that he and a friend had dressed up as tramps and walked with the calithumpians all for fun and that Prof. Konros had put out his sign and had bantered with the applicant all for effect. It was as plain as day. When the explanation reached the barber he as much as admitted that at last the crowd had become possessed of the secret that had been engrossing him all day.

"But I didn't say so, mind. I don't say so now. I didn't give it away," he added, as though he knew more yet.

"You're pretty close, old fellow," exclaimed his admiring friends.

"Well, my mouth don't open till my head's ready, boys, that's the way I'm built," he assented deprecatingly, for he was not the kind to fish for compliments, not he.

Of course certain other sports came off before the balloon ascension and the Deacon, thinking to distinguish himself, entered with three others in the race for catching the greased pig. He didn't run, but stood still waiting for the pig to run at him in its crazy dodgings, but unfortunately, one of the others fell upon the slippery animal when it was doing its best to run into the arms of our designing acquaintance.

The Groom (very wealthy)—Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?
The Bride—I haven't the slightest idea; mamma managed the whole affair.—*Life.*

The bartender remarked to the hotel-keeper, who being proud of his hired man's prominence came up to chat with him, that it was all right and they'd find that just before he went up Weary would shake off his clothes and appear in a gay suit of tights. The tip was passed around and people laughed and said it was a great scheme for Magnifique to dress up as a tramp.

When, the hour having arrived, Weary Walker with much agitation asked the bartender to skirmish about and get him a nip of brandy to steady his long-abused nerves, tossed off a cupful at one gulp, shook hands with the Deacon, and tried all his arts to suppress his excitement, the spectators swore they never saw anybody play his part better in their lives. It was rich—the way he tried to make out he was scared, this Magnifique, this great aeronaut, dressed up as a tramp to try and fool them. Such delightful excitement had never thrilled the people of Elmroot and vicinity, especially when Prof. Konros, to improve the joke, explained to Weary how to handle the balloon and how to cut the parachute loose. And the feigned anxiety with which the aeronaut listened to these explanations—it was so capitally done that some thought the anxiety was real, but of course they were laughed at for their stupidity.

The balloon was prancing like an eager horse, the ropes had been disentangled, the tramp had taken his place with face drawn and ghastly but still resolute, the signal was given by the professor, and up like an arrow shot the whole outfit. The Deacon threw himself on the ground and lay on his back looking up at his flying friend, and muttered something which nobody heard—something incoherent about "even if it comes down busted."

And Weary, with what was neither a prayer nor a profanity but only an excited exclamation of a sacred name, flew up—up, where there seemed no air to breathe, nothing solid to grasp, nothing visible to his starting eyes, nothing that his tumultuous mind could think upon. He conceived no new thought while in the air. He merely retained his last thought while standing on the ground—the ropes, the ropes, what the ropes meant, how to disconnect himself from the soaring demon.

It was done. He managed to catch one breath—and there, for the fraction of an awful instant when ascent was stopped and descent not commenced, came the worst sensation of all. He fell the first hundred feet in a second, and then the great parachute opened out and to those below he seemed to loiter in the air. But it was only the change from the rapidity of the first second that made him feel it was slow. He gasped and clutched, his hat and shoes fell off, and some below thought he was about to undress and show a suit of tights. But he had no thought of the crowd or of his clothes just then. In his ears and around him were rushing, roaring winds, yet he was almost strangled for breath. A hundred feet from the earth he felt that he was saved and almost let go in his joy, but fortunately did not, and then—a great tossing crowd tumbling around him as he lay on the ground, voices cheering and the Deacon hugging him frantically, while the bartender with a flask of brandy in one hand and a great roll of bills in the other was shoving the crowd back and trying to elbow the Deacon aside.

THE DEACON TOOK TO THE ROAD AGAIN.

That night Mr. Walker appeared on the streets in a substantial ready-made suit of clothes, his whiskers neatly trimmed by the barber, looking altogether respectable, but pale. The Deacon was delightfully drunk down at the hotel stable, and after sleeping all night in a box-stall started alone on the road with as much whisky as he could carry inside and out, with five dollars secreted somewhere in his clothes, and with a fat turkey in his bundle—the somewhat singular gift of the bartender who had won it that morning before daylight at a raffle.

Walker's true story got around before Dominion Day was over, and when he appeared at the office of the Elmroot *Advertiser* next morning, looking respectable and anxious for work, the editor knew all about him and regarded him with something like awe. He got work and proved to be a good printer, and now four years have passed and John W. Walker is editor and proprietor of the Elmroot *Advertiser*—owes some money on the business yet, but will soon have it all paid off.

Every Dominion Day an evergreen specimen of the hopeless tramp marches into Elmroot, puts up in the best box stall in the stable of the best hotel in town, buys what he wants and charges it to "Mr. Walker, Esq." He stays a couple of days, gets drunk beyond the wildest dreams of his youth, and then tramps off down the road with a somewhat better suit of clothes and a somewhat bigger bundle than he had on entering the village. Some day a train will run over him, and the railroad section men will bury him without fuss or expense; and, reader, when you and I come across the story in the papers of how the unknown tramp was killed, we will not suspect that it is none other than the Deacon.

THE END.

A Mistaken Diagnosis.

A small boy who has been shooting sea gulls with a parlor rifle from the window of a shed on the city front, has been the cause of some trouble. Dr. Wenel and another well known Hamilton scientist were discussing the condition of Toronto's sewers and water supply some days ago at the foot of Yonge street, when the boy with the noiseless rifle began to practice.

"Unless these Toronto people do something pretty quick to improve their sewer system, they'll have a plague here. Just take a whiff of that bilge water that the ferry boat has churned up."

"It's simply terrible. By George, I wish the boat would start," said the doctor. "Great Cæsar, did you see that sea gull drop dead just a little distance out?"

"The terribly poisonous exhalation! My God, there's another one," gasped the scientist, as a second gull succumbed to the boy's prowess.

Four gulls dropped dead before the Macassa started for Hamilton, and when the scientist struck home his first action was to call a meeting of the Board of Health. He says the doctor are now writing a valuable treatise on The Effect of Sewer Gas on Bird Life, and the one real estate man in the town is getting out maps of the Queen City with showers of dead sea gulls dropping all over the city limits, in order to induce investors to make for Hamilton.

PEACEFUL JONES.

What Was It?

By Fitz James O'Brien.

It is, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation, in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth street, in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A—, the well known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. Mr. A— as everyone knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had disposed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a caretaker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses and the glinting of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The caretaker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed, dismissed them and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but, however, always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady, who at that time kept a boarding house on Bleecker street, and who wished to move further up town, conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—all of Mrs. Moffatt's guests declared that they would accompany her in her incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May and we were charmed with our new residence.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism and had once written a story the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or walnuscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and everyone was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement it was with the utmost disgust I faction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired with my friend Dr. Hammond to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice. We both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss, which I would not surrender for a throne and which I hope we need, will never, never taste.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro conversing, a strange perversity dominated the current of our thoughts. They could not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason, they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the east and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black streams of talk arose from the depths of our talk and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted everything bright from our vision. Instinctively we yielded to the occult force that swayed us and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the prominence of the human mind to mysticism and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me, "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. But it now struck me for the first time that there could be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a King of Terrors, to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of Wieland is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller on the Threshold, in Bulwer's Zanoni but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake! We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me to-night," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman to-night, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good night, Hammond."

"Good night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's History of Monsters—a curious French work. I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas to a jet until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I deperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept crowding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful idea occurred to me. Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plump upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, stung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a certain silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt somewhat secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was, alone and unassisted, though I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the discovery all myself. To my

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose that I should have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. I saw nothing! Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, and apparently fleshy as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, my own. Its muscles I felt, perfectly as I held it in my grasp, solid as stone—and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some merciful influence must have sustained me; for absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to grip it with a firmer clutch in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying: "Great heaven, what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond! I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. My tone pressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. Now, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. Then, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold this thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear you have!" cried a third. "I see no vision," I answered in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presence of mind he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self supporting as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of the extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders, when they saw all this, was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence in that room of a living being which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible, they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, unscaled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair, which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was the dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low irregular breathing of the creature on the bed and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from its confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we can't see but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents it being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. This thing has a heart that palpitates—we'll that when it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of, Harry. Wait where it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of, Harry. Wait where it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long, by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bed clothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in this struggling, as it were, those second hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might read the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a nose, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outlines with chalk, as shoekers trace the outlines of the foot. This plan was given up as being one of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give up the solid figure and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It has respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeler was busily engaged in covering the Invisible Thing with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before evening a rough *facsimile* of the Mystery. It was shaped like a dwarf—distorted, uncouth and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was astonishing. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Dore, or Callot, or Hoffmann, never conceived anything more horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to *Un voyage ou il vous plaira*, which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound everyone in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance to a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffatt was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the horror. Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this, of course, there was no answer. Mrs. Moffatt could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Dr. X—, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.—*Short Stories.*

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit and ultimate recovery followed."

Exactness Wanted

Miss Flyppent—When is your birthday, Miss Elderkin?

Miss Elderkin—I was born on June 30.

Miss Flyppent—Old style or new style?

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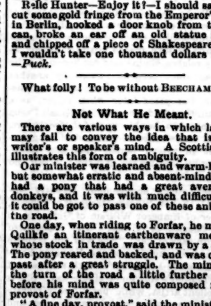
A Delightful Trip.



Friend—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

Relic Hunter—Enjoy it!—I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the Emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the Vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and chipped off a piece of Shakespeare's tomb. I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for 'em! —*Puck.*

What folly! To be without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Not What He Meant.

There are various ways in which language may fail to convey the idea that is in the writer's or speaker's mind. A Scottish story illustrates this form of ambiguity.

Our minister was learned and warm-hearted, but somewhat erratic and absent-minded. He had a pony that had a great aversion to donkeys, and it was with much difficulty that it could be got to pass one of these animals on the road.

One day, when riding to Forfar, he met near Quilkfe an itinerant earthenware merchant, whose stock in trade was drawn by a donkey. The poor reared and backed, and was only got past after a great struggle. The minister at the turn of the road a little further on, and before his mind was quite composed met the provost of Forfar.

"A fine day, provost," said the minister.

"Yes, fine day, Mr. Allen," replied the provost.

"Do you think, provost, I'm likely to meet any more asses on this road?"

The provost used strong language in reply, though there was no cause for it.

SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all general uses has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Boys do not Load Our Cartridges

As we keep an **Experienced Shooter** loading shells to order.

THE **H. P. DAVIES CO., Ltd.**

81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

NOTE.—Persons ordering through mail can do so with as much confidence as if they were here to choose for themselves. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Mention this paper.

NEW Photos on Opal

ARTISTIC Photos in Black and White, mat finish

BEAUTIFUL Steel Engraving Effect

WALKER
147 Yonge Street

A Terrible Loss.

Mrs. Ashcroft—You must regret losing Mr. Gilderslove. You had his so well in hand.

Mrs. Small—Yes, indeed. He was the only boarder I had who really liked stewed prunes.

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Straws Show.

Helen—Has it never struck you that Ethel is very strong-minded?

Lena—I should say she was! Why, she always keeps her calendar torn off to the proper date.

THE BEST FAMILIES

USE THE DELHI CANNING CO'S

CANNED GOODS

Which are Prepared Specially for the

BEST FAMILY TRADE

Epicure Corn, Sifted Select Peas, Fine French Beans and Epicure Catsup are Special Brands.

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LUMP SUGAR In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS (Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in 1lbs, 2 lbs. and 3 lb. each.

LALLY!!!

LACROSSE STICKS AND **Athletic Requisites of All Kinds**

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 King St. West, Toronto

The Transfer Ticket.

BY GALIPAUX.

In this humorous story a transfer ticket serves to emboil a husband and wife. Translated from the French, by E. C Waggoner, for "Short Stories."

It was seven o'clock and Marjeval hadn't come in yet. Naturally, madame, his wife, a spirited little blonde of six and twenty years, was in a very bad humor, as was also Toinette, the bonne, who had looked in three times already to announce that the dinner would be done to a chip.

What in the world had happened to him? Some accident, of course, for he accustomed to leave the office at an established hour, Phillipe's arrival could usually be foretold to the minute. Really, it was frightful! Phillipe had surely been run over! The Montmartre crossing, doubtless! He was so reckless always, with an absolute mania for crossing a street when it was filled with a pack of vehicles! Hark! now a key grates in the lock!

"Toinette! monsieur comes; quick, bring in dinner!"

The door opened, Marjeval entered, his wife flew to him.

"There was an accident, then, Phillipe! You are hurt, crushed at least! I knew it; I told you so! It doesn't astonish me the least in the world!"

"But! Crushed! What the deuce, Jeannette, are you talking about? How could I be 'crushed,' I'd like to know!"

"But—such a late return!"

"Oh, I see; but there, let us have dinner; I'm dying of hunger. I'll tell you about it at table."

"As you please; but everything's dried up now. No matter, though, since you're no bones broken."

And while his wife placed the screen, turned up the gas, and ran her eye over the silver to see that nothing was lacking, Marjeval drew off his top coat, and mopped his brow—for he had clearly been on the run, really!

Unfortunately, as he drew out his handkerchief, he pulled out with it an omnibus transfer ticket, which fell on the floor unseen.

The edge of his hunger blunted, and while attacking the remains of a *pate de foie gras*, Phillipe became communicative, and told his wife that passing the Bourse coming home someone had clapped him on the shoulder, and that "someone" was Proudine.

Marjeval tipplted her nose with an air that said plainly:

"And who, pray, is Proudine?"

"Proudine, you know! Continued her husband, "whom I've told you of a thousand times, and whom I met at Vincennes. A regular character, that fellow; a journalist, practical joker and out and out Bohemian! It's five years since I saw him; judge then of my amazement and pleasure, for Proudine and I were always great chums. Briefly, we entered Beron's to take an absinthe together; Proudine was joking and talking and time passed before I knew it."

And dinner finished, Marjeval got up, whistling cheerfully, and passed to his room to don his slippers and smoking-jacket.

Meanwhile his wife seated Toinette to clear the table; they sat in the *salle-a manger* instead of the salon—because it was warmer and made it necessary to light but one fire going. In stooping to pick up a napkin she suddenly perceived the "transfer" on the carpet, and mentally asked herself, "Blue Points, half shell, pheasant pasteboard come there?" adding, naturally enough, "Phillipe dropped it, of course."

Marjeval just then returned with the last new novel.

"You walked home, I think you told me, Phillipe, did you not?" Jeannette asked carelessly, as he came in. "Or did you take an omnibus?"

"No, I walked, as I said.

"You are sure you walked! Think well."

"Certainly, I'm sure; and what should I think about? The office is only some twenty minutes from here!"

"You are positive then, Phillipe, you did not—"

"See here, Jeannette, this is a bore! Why should I say I'd walked if I'd taken a 'bus? And why do you ask this?"

"Why! Oh—only to know whether you are fatigued."

"What an idea!"

And Marjeval installed himself in an easy chair by the fire, book on his knee and paper cutter in hand, while Jeannette took her seat opposite. Mme. Marjeval, however, closely watching him, was mentally discoursing with herself.

"There's something under all this," thought she. "I haven't been out of the house to-day; no more has Toinette. The transfer couldn't have got here alone, therefore my husband brought it. He has taken an omnibus to-day and did not wish me to know it; therefore he has been in some place that he seeks to conceal from me! His delay at dinner, too—ah-h! I begin to see—that tale of an old friend at the *cafe* was pure invention. Phillipe is deceiving me, and I am determined to know why!"

And rising quietly she thrust the famous ticket behind a candelabra on the mantelpiece—Phillipe, absorbed in his novel, noticed not.

"I am going for my work," said she, and left the room.

Five minutes passed and Phillipe, still reading, took long pulls at his pipe; something was wrong with it; it refused to draw, clogged, and went out. Phillipe rose impatiently for another match and groping on the mantel for the box his eye alighted on the transfer ticket.

"Hollos!" he exclaimed, "Jeannette's been out to-day! The Bon Marche again, of course, though she never goes there—Jeannette just then returned, embroidery in hand, and Phillipe said carelessly:

"You have been out I see, dearest, to-day, in all this bad weather."

"I? No, indeed! Such weather as this would give a cat cold to venture out in."

"You have stayed at home, then, all day long!"

"Of course; and it isn't the first time either!"

"Well" said Phillipe, "not the first time—and to finish the subject, let us read again."

But if Phillipe demanded silence of his wife in order to return to his book, it was not to enjoy more at his ease the prose of the romancer, but simply to be undisturbed while thinking over this discovery of his wife's untruthfulness.

"Something is hidden from me here," he told himself. "I haven't been in an omnibus to-day. Toinette never goes out except on Sunday; this transfer ticket didn't come here alone, and no one but my wife could have brought it. She has been out and she wouldn't admit it to me because she had been somewhere that she didn't want me to know. Yes, it's plain as a pipe-stem—Jeannette deceives me; that much at least I know!"

And, resuming his book, Phillipe sought to take up the interrupted thread of his story. Pains thrown away! His eyes were firmly fixed upon the printed text, but his thoughts were flying elsewhere; he simply could not read; he closed the covers brusquely and slammed the book on the table.

Jeannette jumped with a little scream.

"Heavens! she cried, "have you lost your senses, Phillipe, to startle me like that!"

"Tell me the truth, then, Jeannette—you did go out to-day, did you not!

"Go—out—to-day! Look here, Phillipe," returned Jeannette angrily, "this is a little too much! Why, here for ten minutes past I've been sending the needle into my finger instead of my work, absorbed by the thought that you had taken a 'bus to-day and would not tell me!"

"Yes, yes, I know, that may be, but you say this now only to turn me from the matter in hand. I beg of you, Jeannette, to answer my question—You did go out to-day, did you not?"

"No, I did not; and as it was I that asked you a question first, I demand to be answered first——" said both of them cried out at one and the same time:

"Did you, or did you not, take an omnibus to-day?"

With this there was an ominous pause. Mme. Marjeval, desirous of ridding herself of an unnecessary witness to conjugal discussion, and whom the servant's coming and going in the *salle-a-manger* greatly annoyed, turned sharply and touched the bell.

"Toinette," said she, "put the wood and coal in the corner and then you are free to go to see your sister."

The door had scarcely closed upon her, when Phillipe, who had restrained his rage only by drumming upon the table, burst out furiously:

"There is no use denying it longer, Jeannette; you've told me a story, and told it to me because you were afraid to tell me the truth! The fact is, and you know it, that all these comings and goings to the shops, the Louvre, Bon Marche, etc., are pretexts pure and simple, just as the bath—every three days a bath—is an alibi—is a pretext, like all the rest! Fool that I've been to have suspected nothing! To have never seen how strange these bathing excuses were! It is always so when one has confidence!"

"Eh! What's that you are saying!" cried Mme. Marjeval, whom, very naturally, we must admit, this suspicion deeply wounded; "if either of us has aught with which to reproach oneself, that one is not I! These constant delays, these flimsy excuses—sometimes one thing, sometimes another—a friend at the *cafe*, overwork at the office—in plain words, are tales, sewed with white thread! Is it not the first time, either, that I've thought the same; Mme. Adelberg, your *sous-chef's* wife.

"There! I knew it, I knew that name would come up before you were done! Now, look you, Jeannette, and mind what I say—if ever you speak to me again——

"Threats, monsieur, threats to me! Well, this is perfect! I'll go, sir, go at once back to my mother, poor soul! She'll not be surprised——

"Go, go by all means, and if you stay till I come for you, you'll stay long, while!"

And one word brought on another in this bitter-sweet dialogue—which, from the expressive pantomime that accompanied it, was rapidly approaching a crisis—when suddenly a turbulent stir on the staircase was heard, the passage door flew back, and Toinette, red as an over-ripe tomato, her eyes bulging, her dress disordered, and followed by two *sergents-de-ville* and a much-be-medaled little old man, burst breathlessly into the *salle-a-manger*.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What's the matter, what's happened? Toinette, Toinette," cried Mme. Marjeval alarmed, "quick, tell us what's happened!"

Toinette, the old gentleman, and both *sergents-de-ville* all responded, and kept on responding in excited chorus, till the avalanche of sound only the words "tramway," "prison," "conductor," "ticket," and "honest girl" made themselves heard. Marjeval threw up his hands to heaven.

"If you all talk at once, like this," cried he desperately, "no one can understand. Be quiet; you speak, monsieur, please," addressing the be-medaled old party.

"No, monsieur, no," Toinette cried; "I'm the one that should tell it, since the business concerns me!"

"Very well," said Marjeval; "but first calm yourself."

"Then, monsieur and madame, it was just this way, you see. My sister lives, as I've told you, in the Rue Poulet, just off the boulevard Ornano, and to reach her house, as madame gave me permission, I took the 830 tramway that passes below, and demanded a transfer. At the Gare de l'Est I got out, ran to the Saint Ouen tramway, just that minute about to start, got on, and gave the transfer to the conductor. But the conductor refused it, it was no good, he said, and I must pay over again.

"What! said I. 'Why, it isn't three minutes since they gave it to me! See, yonder's the car on which I came!'

"'Yes, yes, I know,' said the conductor, 'it's no good, I tell you; you must pay, I say, or out, in my dear.'

"'But I tell you,' I cried, 'I tell you, monsieur——'

"'A lie, young woman; pay up at once or off you go!'

"'I tell you a lie, monsieur—!!'

"This was too much. Bang! and such a thump as I gave him! The conductor was going to slap me in return, when the gentleman here, who had seen it all, interposed. The man said it was a transfer and that the *sergent de ville* came and pulled me outside. I begged monsieur, who had seen it all, to come along too, and then I demanded that the scamps bring me here first, to the house of my master, who would tell them that I am an honest girl, and did not seek to cheat the company, as that fool conductor said!"

"Maybe, mademoiselle," suggested an agent smoothly, "you had another ticket in your pocket!"

"No, monsieur, only this," answered Toinette, beginning to rummage vigorously; "how could I, monsieur! I had just got off the car and——"

She stopped suddenly, drew out her hand, and there in the palm lay the duplicate of transfer number one.

"Well!" said she, staring stupidly, "where did I get the bad one that I gave the conductor?"

Mme. Marjeval, meanwhile, had been examining the two bits of pasteboard that Toinette held in her hand.

"Well!" said she, staring stupidly, "where did I get this one?"

"How should I know, madame—ah! yes, now I do it all."

"Well, well, quick, go on—where?"

"I am, madame; I am going on. Madame recalls that before going out I put the *salle-a-manger* to rights, and as this transfer ticket was thrown upon the mantel, I brushed it into my apron intending later to put it into the fire——"

"That same transfer again!" the eyes of M. and Mme. Marjeval said plainly, as they glanced at each other.

At the same instant there was a swift rush in the corridor and the apartment bell peled furiously. Everyone jumped. Toinette flew to open the door; a gentleman whom she had never seen before pushed by her hastily, darted through the ante room like a meteor, and fell breathlessly into a chair.

"You, Proudine!" cried Marjeval, amazed.

"Yes, yes, I," stammered the new comer, more breathlessly than ever. "Phillipe, look, look me, did you find in your pocket an omnibus transfer ticket?"

"This one, perhaps," Marjeval returned wonderingly, holding to the one in Toinette's hand.

"Exactly!" shouted Proudine, seizing it eagerly. "Heavens! I'm glad to find it! Such a chase as I've had!"

"But look here, Proudine, what does all this mean? and how the dickens did that ticket get into my pocket?"

"The easiest thing in the world. It comes from that devilish mania of mine for practical joking! I put that ticket in your pocket at the *cafe*, without reflecting that I had written on the back of it the address of a friend—a friend who expected me to dinner this evening, and whom I must find to explain."

"Well," said Marjeval grimly, "if it were not for our old friendship, Proudine——However, let it go this time only, all I have to say is, that when you next try your jokes on anyone it had better not be on me!"

"What makes you look so serious, Phillipe!"

"No matter what; as I say, let it go; it's too long to tell, but thanks to your charming pleasantry, I've had a quarrel with my wife, and Toinette has come within an ace of spending the night in a police station."

Proudine was desolate, heart-broken, but forced to go, to go at once, too, on the jump. He was booked for seven; twas now nine.

"Madame, Messieurs, Phillipe, old boy, *au revoir, au revoir!*"

"Monsieur," said a *sergent-de-ville* to the be-medaled and patient old party, "it's time we were moving. Come, please. As for you, my girl, another time no more slaps, remember." And the door closed upon the representatives of the law.

"Phillipe!"

"Jeannette!"

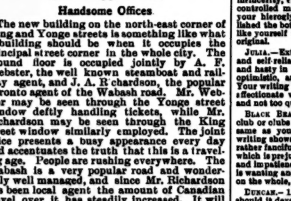
"Will you take back the—the bath?"

"With all my heart, dearest.

"Very well, then, I'll withdraw—Mme. Adelberg."

And the transfer ticket being safe now in Proudine's pocket, they fell into each other's arms.

Her Only Chance.



Oh! Nancy Hanks, your sturdy shanks
Have lost their cry now!
For Johnson's wheel has passed your heel,
And left you—true!
But here's a chance for nimble Nance,
The future holds in store
Once in the sun, she'll distance him,
Two quarter posts or more!

W. E. G. in Puck.

Handsome Offices

The new building on the north-east corner of King and Yonge streets is something like what a building should be when it occupies the principal street corner in the whole city. The ground floor is occupied jointly by A. F. Webster, the well known steamboat and railway agent, and J. A. R Chardson, the popular Toronto agent of the Wabash road. Mr. Webster may be seen through the Yonge street window deftly handling tickets, while Mr. Richardson may be seen through the King street window similarly employed. The joint office presents a busy appearance every time and accentuates the truth that this is a travelling age. People are rushing everywhere. The Wabash is a very popular road and wonderfully well managed, and since Mr. Richardson has been local agent the amount of Canadian travel over it has steadily increased. It will increase still further now that he has succeeded in sharing with Mr. Webster an office stand unequalled in the city. Mr. Richardson has had the Wabash flag and emblem painted and lettered upon the King street window, making a neat sign indeed, and one to which attention need not be called, for it cannot escape attention.

New Books.

The Rose Publishing Company has just issued a new novel, Three Wedding Rings, by Mrs. Annie Gregg Savigny, who is well known in different cities of Canada, personally and through her books, which numbers three. The scene of the story is laid in Ottawa for the greater part of the time, although it shifts to the Sandbanks and to Toronto at times. Like most Canadian novels this has a local interest dealt with names and places familiar to the public, but Mrs. Savigny has done it with so much persistence, and has dealt out her favorable mentions with such methodical justice, that I could not get rid of an impression that she had set herself the task of immortalizing certain tradesmen, and papers and places of resort, even if they had to be hauled into her story by the ears. Mrs. Leary, the heroine of the story, has at the opening of the book, a husband and two lovers, and before the book closes she has been married to all three—one gets drowned, the other falls and breaks his skull, and the book closes just as the third marries her. If it had gone two pages further he would have been dead and buried as well, to rate the authoress was traveling. The book has 254 pages, yet the gentle Hazel has three different husbands between pages 210 and the end. I do not believe in married women having lovers around them, and it happens very seldom in Canada. But it is preposterous to imagine a sweet and domestic wife and mother being worshipped by two outside men at once. It is an unhealthy conception. Mrs. Savigny has some talent and her story in parts is extremely entertaining, especially when she goes away from the angelic Hazel and the unnatural affections that throb around her.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, His Life and Times, by William Buckingham and Hon. Geo. W. Ross, is another book issued by the Rose Publishing Co. It is a valuable contribution to the political history of Canada. Mr. Buckingham is an experienced editor, as private secretary to the late Liberal statesman, of possessing an inside and correct knowledge of the man and his doings at important times. Hon. Geo. W. Ross, too, is a most capable and sympathetic biographer for the late leader of his party. It is a book that will long be read both for the life story contained in it and for the charmingly related information with regard to the constitutional development of Canada.

An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel, by H. Spencer Howell, has just issued from the presses of Hart & Riddell, Toronto, and it is a very creditable volume. The author relates his experiences in the Hawaiian Islands, and afterwards gives reminiscences of two trips around the world, with frequent stoppages among various peoples.

The Lake Magazine for October is out and is a capital number. Among a few of the names of those contributing are: R. S. White, M. P., Prof. Goodore H. Rand, Geo. Stewart, Jr., L. L. D., David Boyle, D. Sc., Rev. W. S. Blackstock, Rev. W. S. McTavish, B. D., John A. Ewan, J. L Payne, Jas. A. Tucker. This is the best number yet issued.

A Showman in Brazil.

The Yankee who belongs to the genus humbug had better keep out of Brazil. James Fitzjames, who has just returned to Toronto from that country, tells what happened to a Yankee circus manager who did not show according to his bills. According to his advertisements, his collection of animals was more complete than that which Noah took in out of the wet, and his performers more wonderful than Barnum was ever able to engage. I attended his show and found it a very brazen fake.

The audience departed grumbling, and in an hour the show king was before the Poo Bah of the place charged with fraud. The latter had one of the circus bills spread out on a table, and had checked every discrepancy in the performance.

"Now," said he, "why did you not give the show you advertised!"

The showman thought it was a great joke, and that he would probably be subjected to a light fine and let off with a reprimand, but he was mistaken. For every shortcoming in the show, for every instance where it failed to tally with the advertisement, he was fined one hundred dollars and given a month in jail. His fines aggregated twelve hundred dollars and his imprisonment a year. He is serving out his time now. As he was led away he remarked that the people down there had no conception of poetic license. And they haven't.

Very Like.

"This cap of mine reminds me of a yacht race I was in once."

"How—white cap!"

"No; it's such a handy cap."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or poetry and prose will not do. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MARION J.—Idealistic and apt to lack at science of ideas, prudence in speech, even in temper and crazie in taste.

TEMPEST.—Must be a close relative of Black Beauty; the studies are very similar. Tempest has not quite so much independence nor perhaps strength, and is more careless of details.

LITTLE IRISH GIRL.—1. You are careless of details, impatient of results, rather sensitive, easily moved, and slightly devoid of method, have high ideals, some discretion, great humor, constancy, crude taste and affectionate disposition

CLARA.—This is a very fine nature, generous, loyal, a little tenacious, and probably excellent company; caution, tempered by frankness, rather good self-esteem, correct taste and constant affection are shown. The study is marred by ruled paper.

FIREFLY.—Vivacity, independence, energy and great consistency are shown, imagination, tenacity, some caution, a slight tendency to succumb to despondency, good opinion of yourself, unselfish and likable disposition, slightly inclining to egotism, ease of manner, good taste and undoubted ability are shown.

DONALD M. STEEL.—Refinement of feeling, great decision, ambition and love of applause, strong feeling and love of good things, rather indiscreet speech, and a very fine judgment. Your power and money will come to you. The writer is very determined in opinions, and decidedly the reverse of stupid, also sympathetic and an admirer of beauty.

PETE.—Originality, humor, love of effect, some slight insincerity, excessive persistence, a rather quick temper, controlled manner, caution and generosity are shown in your literary pieces. The capitals with which you embellished the bottom of the page are somewhat peculiar, and like yourself are fond of fair play, decided, impatient and critical.

JULIA.—Extreme endurance, constancy, continued effort and self-reliance should be yours; you are also impulsive and hasty in speech, fond of ceremony, conforming, not over optimistic, and devoid of sensitive sympathy and tact. Your writing is full of good sense, meaning, honest and rather affectionate woman, rather averse to change or progress, and not too quick to catch an errant idea.

BLACK BRATART.—1. You can either by the trump in a club or clubs are trumps; you must make your trump the same as your nominative, singular or plural. 2 Your writing shows imagination, some imagination, high and rather fanciful temper, apt to mistrust your own judgment, which is perhaps judicial but biased, lack of firmness, tenacity and impatience of control, some frankness of speech; tact is wanting and sympathetic feeling is not often shown, but on the whole, the style is clever and interesting.

DUNCAN.—1. I certainly believe in platonic affection and should it develop into the love which craves first place in the heart, I think it makes a first-class foundation for the warmer feeling. 2. Your writing shows rather a hasty and careless method. I should think you were an easy-going warm-hearted and slightly impetuous matter, in spite of your *nom de plume*; you are adaptable, hopeful, cautious and rather discreet, somewhat conceited, fond of company, indulgent, constant capable of self-denial. A pretty nice girl!

INFATUNCE.—1. I think it is very wicked of you to delight in reading those detectives which are so good for the studies. I never sit on them one-tenth as hard as you would could you only read them. Whatever beautiful traits graphology fails to discover, it never misses the bad ones; they always show. 2. Your writing shows excellent perseverance, fond of ceremony and ceremonious, and very good self-control. You have a bit of a temper but no malice, rather a sharp judgment, possible optimism, and but little ambition. All your tendencies are social, and you are a little imaginative and also a trifle prejudiced.

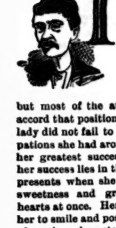
JANE ANN MARIA.—1. Hope you have not yet fainted. The word is odelwise, and means noble purity, its very most candid and the difficulty of spelling it, like the type of virgin modesty and reserve; except from association, there is nothing lovely about the bloom which generally disappoints travelers. 2. I am afraid you lack constancy, and are too fond of novelty, but who could quarrel with a nature so full of faith in others, a brilliant imagination and attractive study? Sympathy, loyalty, discretion, strong love of comfort, intuition, considerable good-nature, and a little for all things good and beautiful, with perhaps some artistic talent, are shown. A too decided self-assertion slightly mars the picture, but I am much attracted to the study; it has no dead lines!

ANGUS.—1. I think you need to ask that question in a more explicit way. Do you mean on earth can I ride without one? "One" is a good sailor and able to enjoy yacht, row, or walking; "one" is a good horse and can be able to ride a bicycle, or whether "one" likes the water or prefers the asphalt streets! For myself, I love both yachting and cycling, and though the latter is both healthy and entertaining, and the former purely for pleasure, I cannot quite decide which I prefer. Your writing shows considerable inconstancy (or perhaps only an undue desire for novelty), some ideality, original thought and social impulse. You are fond of ceremony, amiable, careful and considerate; bright and well-intentioned being for whom age is bound to be a good friend.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—1. This study was dated from Ottawa last May. I have several other Canadian girls. 2. Hot cross buns are marked with the sign of the cross on Good Friday, in memory of the crucifixion of the blessed Saviour. Eggs, which are a symbol of the resurrection, are reserved for Easter. 3. I cannot positively tell whether you would make a good kindergarten teacher from your writing; you seem to be able to sing, or you might be lame or hunchbacked, and it would not be show in your writing, but would to a large extent mar your usefulness as a kindergartner. 4. You are bright, impulsive, yet somewhat deliberate, fond of fun, and decidedly vivacious, have some sympathy, considerable self-reliance and adaptability; you are, there is nothing there to stand in your way, if you wished, when you're rather young to be a teacher; time will be apt to develop your taste in this direction.

IANTHE.—Really, your statement of the case against the Toronto gentlemen impressed me very much. In the first place, you say they monopolize your company and attention to one lady, neglect the others, and point or sulk if their attentions are not returned. In some cases they do neglect attentions. I have seen schoolboys act so, but I don't think I have seen a grown-up man whose bosom had to give him instructions to be gallant. Toronto men are rather pleasantly known for their agreeable and chivalrous manner towards the fair sex, yet they do not monopolize one lady, neglect the others, and pout

Music.



I WENT to that lovely barn, the Pavilion, on Tuesday night. The long rest from concerts made the one given us by Messrs. Suckling all the more welcome, and I simply enjoyed myself. Herr Xaver Scharwenka was, I think, supposed to be the leading attraction, but most of the audience will be inclined to accord that position to Miss Emma Juch. That lady did not fail to meet the pleasurable anticipations she had aroused, and she scored one of her greatest successes in Toronto. Much of her success lies in the exquisite appearance she presents when she enters. There is an air of sweetness and graciousness that wins all hearts at once. Her strong personality enables her to smile and pose in a manner that people of weaker character could not carry off without dangerously approaching exaggeration.

The first phrase of the Freischuetz scena, *Wie nahte nur der Schlummer*, at once brought before us the love-lorn and anxious Agatha, waiting to hear of her lover's success. Miss Juch's dramatic power is constantly developing and growing, and in her singing of this scena it was pretty evident. People often speak of the German language as a harsh one, yet who that heard Miss Juch on Tuesday evening would call it that? Every tone and every consonant was given out as softly as if she were singing in Italian. Her rendering of the recitatives was a beautiful piece of musical declamation, while the exquisite dreaminess of the *Leise, Leise* was poetical in the extreme. The spirited rush in *Er ist's* was a fitting climax to a beautiful rendition of Weber's masterpiece. Her voice is richer and nobler than ever, yet has lost none of its early delicacy and purity. As an encore piece she sang Meyer-Helmund's *Gretchen* with great archness and raillery. Her second number on the programme was the scena from Saint-Saens' Samson, et Dellah, which she sang with exquisite finish and attention to detail. Miss Juch's beautifully correct phrasing and her artistic conception of her subjects are a splendid object lesson to students, many of whom I saw at the concert. Her encore of the Saint-Saens number was Foerster's I Love Thee. Her closing number was an Ave Maria, adapted to the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, a very effective piece, in whose broad cantabile phrases she fairly reveled. This she was obliged to repeat.

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Herr Xaver Scharwenka was to many a disappointment. We have had Von Bulow, D'Albert, and later Friedheim and Paderewski, and no doubt many expec'ed to hear one who might approach parity with these artists. This Herr Scharwenka does not do. He has abundant technical resources and a beautifully round tone, but he fails to show the poetic and individualistic strength displayed by the others I have mentioned. His playing is respectful, artistic and refined to a degree, and he resorts to no tricks or questionable means to secure his effects. Intellectuality, rather than art, is the dominating feature of his playing. This was especially evident in the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 57, which was beautifully played, yet lacked the impress of individual feeling. He gave a charming rendition of the Schumann Nachtstruck, as well as of three elegant trifles of his own composition. In the Liszt arrangement of the William Tell overture with which he closed the concert, he showed signs of weariness, his right hand faltering him somewhat. Signor Delasco sang Infelice, and in response to a warm recall gave a fine rendition of the Vulcan from Gounod's Philemon et Baucis, which he sang with an effective swing and spirit. His voice is a strong, sonorous basso, and his training is excellent. A pleasing feature of his voice is the thorough equalizing of tone quality throughout its range. He secured impressive effect by his singing of Jude's The Mighty Sea, which won him a splendid recall, to which he responded by singing a verse of the ever-popular In Cellar Cool. The accompaniments were carefully, but a trifle anxiously, played by Mr. Isadore Moquist.

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A pleasing entertainment is offered on Thursday evening next at Association Hall, when two young ladies, whose efforts before the public have already won them much praise, will give a recital. Miss Laura McGillivray, as reader, and Miss Minnie Gaylord as vocalist will present a programme containing many new features, and the enterprise of these young artists deserves encouragement at the hands of the public.

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Mr. Schuch is preparing a band of "strolling singers," sixteen in number, who will enliven Ye Olde English Fayre week after next, and who will close that week with a concert on Saturday evening, November 5.

METRONOME.

I have been much interested in the announcement which has been made by the promoters of a new musical society for Toronto as to the character of the work it is proposed to undertake during the coming winter. I do not propose considering the practical aspect of the scheme—its feasibility or its chances for material success. If the united effort of a strong executive will suffice to ensure a successful issue of the work undertaken, we can confidently expect good results. Many of the names mentioned in connection with the organization of the new society are those of gentlemen who have successfully piloted other ventures, and the novelty of the present scheme, combined with the acknowledged talent and skill of the chosen conductor, leads one to hope for great things. The new venture, in making a specialty of presenting concert performances of grand opera, opens up a new and unexplored region of study for many of our choristers, which they will, no doubt, be eager to take advantage of. It is proposed to organize a chorus of about two hundred and fifty voices, the nucleus of which is to be composed of members of the old Choral Society, and the defunct Haslam Vocal Society. Signor D'Auria has been elected conductor, a position for which he is eminently qualified through large experience in this particular sphere of work, both in Europe and America. Among many notable performances conducted by Sig. D'Auria in the past, might be mentioned the great operatic festival in Boston in 1882, and the important cyclus of festival performances of opera in Cincinnati during the year following. The new society should therefore feel itself particularly fortunate in its musical director.

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With the exception of the performances of grand opera given here some years ago under Theodore Thomas, by the National Opera Company, no adequate means of becoming acquainted with the music of representative operatic works have been placed before our public. The Emma Juch company, in some respects tolerably satisfactory, fell far short of the requirements of most of the operas they essayed. Their staging of Tannhauser and other works was so ridiculously inadequate that concert performances of the music would have been decidedly preferable. In the matter of the orchestra and chorus a mere outline of the composer's intentions was oftentimes presented, sometimes, in fact, mutilating the score to such an extent as to almost completely obliterate any semblance of the original. The new society proposes to perform standard operatic works as concert music, without the usual stage accessories, costumes, etc., and with a sufficiently large chorus and orchestra to render the music in an effective manner such as will reveal the true spirit of the work undertaken. Many who may be prejudiced against the stage performances of grand opera will thus have their objections removed and will be enabled to participate in the enjoyment of what is admittedly the most progressive sphere of the art.

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By a singular coincidence, and as furnishing striking evidence of the progressive spirit in our midst which but awaits an opportunity to assert itself, the officers of the Toronto Vocal Society have had a similar scheme under consideration for some time past and have actually been the first to announce their intentions, anticipating the promotors of the new society by several days. The work under consideration by the T. V. S. is Mascagni's phenomenal success, Cavalleria Rusticana, an opera excellently adapted for performance by a chorus such as Mr. Schuch now controls. Mr. Schuch's success in the work of the Harmony Club last season is sufficient guarantee of satisfactory results in the plan mentioned above. A more interesting work could not have been chosen, nor one which would better repay the fine chorus of the society in the work of its preparation.

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The official announcement of the list of musical societies invited to participate in the musical festivities of the Columbus Exposition contains the names of two Canadian societies, namely, the Philharmonic of Toronto and the Montreal society of the same name. In both cases, it seems to me, this choice of societies is a just one in many respects. Surprise may be felt by some that Montreal should possess a society of sufficient importance to share in the honors of an official invitation to the great fair, but facts go to prove that the work of the Montreal Philharmonic Society of recent years has been of such a character as to command general respect and attention even abroad.

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While I am fully convinced that the art divine is more generally cultivated here than in our sister city to the east of us, yet in the matter of society effort, whether in oratorio or part-singing, the record of the Montreal society is one of which that city may well feel proud. As an evidence of the comprehensive character of the work undertaken annually by the Montreal Philharmonic Society, I might mention that last season's programme consisted of Handel's Messiah, Gade's The Erl King's Daughter, Saint Saens' The Deluge, Dvorak's Spectre-Bride and MacKenzie's dramatic cantata The Story of Sayid, besides some orchestral work.

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The Musical Year Book for 1890-91, for the United States and Canada, attributes much of this supremacy on the part of Montreal to concentration of effort as opposed to the divided interests as represented by the four societies which appealed to the public of Toronto during the past two seasons. In unaccompanied partsinging, the Mendelssohn Society of Montreal, now in its twenty-eighth season, has established a continental reputation for the excellence of its work, reflecting the highest credit upon the chorus and its indefatigable conductor, Mr. J. Gould. All of which goes to show that the patronizing remarks frequently heard in Toronto concerning the alleged comparative musical darkness of Montreal are, perhaps, somewhat lacking in the elements of modesty.

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Toronto concert-goers who have for years suffered the infliction of that so-called concert hall—dignified at times by the name Pavilion—will be pleased to learn that a movement is now on foot to refurnish and equip the place in a manner more worthy of the high-class entertainments being held within its walls. The utter inadequacy of the barn-like structure was never more apparent than at the Juch-Scharwenka concert on Tuesday evening. A modest attempt to invest the platform with a certain drawing-room elegance, simply served the eye to display by contrast the coarse and untidy surroundings of the stage. The uncomfortable benches, added to the general discomfort of the place, oftentimes serve to influence many a would-be attendant at these concerts from risking several hours within its walls, however strong the attraction may be. It is hoped that the rumors concerning renovation, etc., are founded on fact, and that an early move will be made in the matter. MODERATO.

The Boy Was Rattled.

Our cellar has been dirty for some time and so the other day my wife gave me strict instructions to hunt up a colored man to come and clean the cellar and calsomine it. On the way home I forgot the errand until I was away past "the ward," and indeed was at the foot of Beverley street. There I met a boy and asked him if there was anybody near there who did whitewashing.

"I don't know anyone," says he. Then, after a moment's hesitation, "Oh, yes, there is a laundry just over there."

The boy's face did not show a smile, but mine did. N. W.

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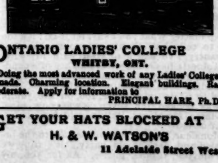

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Logie have returned from their honeymoon and have taken up residence on Markland street, where the bride is receiving callers.

Miss Plumb of Niagara is the guest of Miss Jessie MacInnes of Dundurn.

The Misses Howard have returned to Oak Bank after a journey through England and the Continent during the summer months.

Mrs. J. H. Mills of Bellevue gave one of the most delightful teas on Friday week. The fair sex turned out *en masse* and were attired in their most bewitching costumes. Mrs. Mills wore a handsome gown of violet velvet and mauve silk. She was assisted by Miss Minnie Mills, who wore a most becoming costume of fawn Bedford cord with pink brocade. Those present were: Mesdames Walker, Bristol, Scott, Powis, Gartshore, Hobson, Mackelcan, Jones, Forrest, Mackay, Lottridge, Garrett, Worthington, Mills, Symonds, Tidswell, Woolverton, Misses Lottridge, Watson, Walker, Dewar, Hobson, Dunlop, Harvey, Hyman, K. Mills, M. Mills, Hendrie, Leggat, Grant, Powis, McKeand, Ferrie, Robinson, Gillard, Hamilton, Gunn, Black, Muir, Crerar, Wood, Moore and Billings. The refreshment-room was most artistically arranged with trails of smilax and pink ribbon extended from the gasaliers, and the table was arranged with pink silk and roses.

Mrs. Blackman and Miss Blackman of England are the guests of Mrs. Gunn of Hannah street.

Mrs. Frank Wanzar has returned from Toledo, where she has been studying singing under some efficient masters, and her voice is more charming than ever. She sang, Fear Ye, O Israel, in St. Thomas' church, since her return, and everyone was delighted with her magnificent rendering of this solo.

Mr. Harold Forster left recently for England, where he will spend six months.

Mr. William Hendrie, jr., is in England, where he will remain for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hendrie left Thursday week for a six months' trip to England and Scotland.

Mr. F. Rogers, accountant of the Bank of Montreal, has been appointed manager of the branch at Almonte. Mr. C. W. Dean of Montreal has been appointed accountant in his place.

Dr. and Mrs. Malloch have returned from their honeymoon. Mrs. Malloch has been receiving her many friends.

Miss Pousette of Sarnia is studying vocal music under Mr. O'Brien at the Musical Institute.

On Monday week Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton were At Home to a large and brilliant assemblage of friends. It was more like a beautiful lawn *fete*, as the picturesque grounds were delightfully arranged with refreshment tables; chairs and benches were placed here and there under shady trees and the tennis court was quite an attraction, some good sets being played while many groups of smartly dressed women and men chatted here and there. Those present were: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Rural Dean and Mrs. Fornoret, Rev. Canon Curran, Rev. Mr. Lee, Rev. Mr. Le V. Brine, Dr. and Mrs. Ridley, Dr. and Mrs. Woolverton Mrs. and the Misses Bruce, the Misses Ramsay, Mrs. and Miss Gaviller, Mrs. Adam Brown, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Mrs. and Miss Lottridge, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Miss Harvey, Miss Bessie Leggat, Miss Watson, Miss MacInnes, Miss Plumb, Miss Briggs, Miss Hobson, Mrs. R. Hobson, the Misses Grant, Miss Ambrose, the Misses McGiverie, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Kerwan Martin, Mrs. Howard, the Misses Mills, Mason O'Reilly, Miss Ferres, Miss K. MacDonald, Mrs. H. T. Steele, Miss Dewar, Mrs. Colquhoun, the Misses MacInnes, the Misses Ramsay, Miss Turner, the Misses Ridley, Mrs. and Miss Gartshore, the Misses Stiff, Mrs. Counsell, Messrs. Gansby, Hamilton, Davidson, Moreton, Evans, Burns, Bruce and others.

Mr. Arthur D. Garret has been moved to Brandon, Man., to the position of manager of the Hamilton Provident Loan. Mr. Garret will be much missed in society, as he was an energetic acquisition and the hearts of many fair ones are feeling rather heavy at his departure.

SYLVIA.

Deadly Spiders.

The exciting recital of fishing for three deadly tarantulas with a bit of flannel and a spool of thread was told to the writer. The gentleman who told the story had just returned from an extended tour through California and other states. He brought back three creepy-looking members of the spider family.

"I had several interesting experiences," he said, "but the most interesting was the capture of these tarantulas. I had long wished to see them in their native state, and being in the land which their very presence rendered dangerous, I constantly carried a spool of thread, a bit of flannel and a bottle of chloroform.

"I was walking in an orange grove about ten miles from the coast one afternoon, when I saw one of the beautiful things just creeping from beneath a large log that was half buried in the sandy soil. I jumped upon the log, so that the insect could not crawl up my legs, and then dropped my baited thread. He—I use the sex advisedly, of course—immediately accepted the challenge and hastily caught at the flannel.

"I half lost my balance just then and I jostled the log to regain my position. The happening came near being serious for me, as two of the most ferocious looking fellows rushed out and all three attacked the flannel, and before I had the one entangled they started upward at a most alarming rate of speed. In some manner or other I was able to retain my presence of mind, and with my cane knocked the uppermost to the ground.

"The remaining two were fighting most viciously, and, as I gradually let out the thread, became entangled, and by the time the third was at the writhing little mass they were safe from working any harm. The third made another attack, and I soon held a trio of squirming, writhing tarantulas; and then, dropping them in a can, I saturated my handkerchief in chloroform and in half an hour had these three, which are the finest specimens of the insect I have yet seen."

Bitter Fate.

Willie Rockingham-Snobs—What makes you cry, dearest, on this glorious anniversary of the discovery of America?

Mrs. Rockingham-Snobs—Ah, my, child, 'tis a sad, sad day for us and our house! Had America never been discovered, your great-great-great-grandfather would never have been tempted to come over in the Mayflower, and, to-day, we would have been living in our ancestral halls in dear old England.

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Distributions of Medals and Certificates will take place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, at 8 o'clock at The Art Gallery. The Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick has kindly consented to preside.

W. REVELL, Hon. Secretary.

A NILE, HOLY LAND, ROUND THE WORLD EXCURSION leaves Oct. 25, round the world; Nov. 29, Jan. 5, Feb. 4 for Nile and Palestine. Send for "Tourist Gazette." Ocean tickets. H. GAZE & SONS, 113 Broadway, N. Y.

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Under the management of A. M. Palmer.

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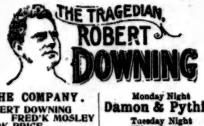

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Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c., Rolls, 10c.

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More Shookville Mem'ries.

Si McFee allus used to allow that the sharpest fellers he ever met was Snooks & Snooks the lawyers, as used to hev an office in Beantown. Beantown, as most everyone knows, is jest on the edge of Dufferin county, while Shookville is 'bout five miles away in Peel.

When they tried the Scott Act in Dufferin a whole gang of the Beantown sports used to come down gen'rally of a Monday night to hev a time, seein' as the Scott Act warn't in force there. Well, Si McFee hed an ole brown mare which the boys used to call The Chestnut Belle, because the only way Si could ketch her when she was out to pasture was with a lasso, and this they used to call "ringing the chestnut belle." When the Beantown boys got a little too much of the "curse of Canada" stowed under their weskits an' didn't feel like walking home, Si used to hitch up the old mare and drive 'em home for fifty cents a head.

One evening Joshua Snooks (he was the senior partner in the firm) come down with the rest of the fellers, and getting a little too convivial hed to be drav home, and as he hed spent all his dust he told Si to call around at his office next time he was in Beantown and he'd pay him.

Well, sir, two days after Si went up there on bizness, and thinking he might as well kill two birds with one stone, he went round to Snooks & Snooksses to collect his fifty cents.

Joshua was over to the court-house, but Andrew, the junior partner, sed he thought he could fix it up all right and he sets down and writes a letter which he gives to Si, and sez:

"Take this over to the court-house and give it to my brother Josh and he'll fix you up all right."

Well, Si, he takes it over to Joshua with the bill, and Joshua reads it and writes O. K. on the bill, remarking:

"Take this back again to my brother and he'll pay you the half-dollar."

Si took it back to Andrew and Andrew sez: "Well, Mr. McFee," sezzee, "there ain't no use in my paying you this yer money now," he sez, "'cause I hev a contra-account against you of half a dollar for the letter I just writ, and so I guess we may as well call the thing square."

Si allus used to say after that, that he reckoned Snooks & Snooks beat the yearth for smartness.

UNCLE ARTIE.

On a Spanish Railroad.

The slowness of the backwoods railroads of this country is a standing joke, but we doubt if any of them could equal the Spanish train described by an English traveler.

I had been told about Spanish trains not being punctual, of Spanish clocks varying, and so forth, but between Barcelona and Valencia I found I had still some things to learn.

Of course the train could not go till the station-master had finished his coffee, nor could the engine be got to move till the engineer had finished his talk with the landlady. The swash-buckler guard, armed with sword and carbine, had also affairs of his own, which may unexpectedly be permitted to control the Spanish pilgrim's progress.

But what is this? In open country, miles from any station, the train suddenly pulls up. I had noticed a man galloping across country. Well, he has been thrown in an adjacent field. The villagers were assisting him to rise. One held his horse. The group caught the engine-driver's eye. He simply stopped the train out of sheer curiosity.

Further, it will be scarcely believed that most of the people got out and ran to join the gaping group; and we actually stopped on this idle errand for about twenty minutes, to the great content, apparently, of all but half a dozen English, including myself, and two American ladies.

Night came, but no rest for me, the first-class carriage being by that time not only crowded but filthy. The official ticket collector was among us. Besides his uniform he wore a hunting pouch, and had brought his fowling-piece.

After snipping our tickets, he smoked himself to sleep. As day dawned he woke up and got talkative. He then coolly told the astonished travelers that, although bound to inspect tickets for another fifty miles, he should get out at the next station, have a little shooting on the Sierra Morona and catch the return train about midday.

The train soon stopped; he wished us all a polite good bye, raising his official cap, got out with his gun and pouch, and we saw him no more.

I ventured openly to disapprove of his conduct. A Spanish gentleman shrugged his shoulders sympathetically, but seemed astonished when we talked of reporting the inspector, as if Spain could not go on at all if this sort of foreign intervention were countenanced.

The Father of Arithmetic.

Euclid was the father of geometry, but the father of the common school arithmetic, such as boys and girls study to-day was a Bavarian, who for more than two hundred years has been detested by German school children.

Annaberg, in Saxony, feels that it is sure of a place in the world's history, if, for no other reason, that it was the home of Adam Riese, the father of arithmetic, and the town council is preparing to raise an elaborate monument to his memory.

Riese was born in Bavaria, but became a miner in the Saxon Erzgebirge, and afterward set up a school. There he published the first series of books in German for training the young in the art of reckoning and the mysteries of weights and measures. He had four sons, and they all took naturally to figures, and continued their father's work after his death in 1559.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BUTCHART—On Sept. 30, Mrs. Reuben Butchart—a son.
GRAY—Oct. 17, Mrs. William Gray—a son.
FOWLER—Oct. 14, Mrs. Frank W. Fowler—a son.
KNIGHT—Oct. 12, Mrs. C R Knight—a daughter.
CLIFTON—Oct. 9, Mrs. H. P. Clifton—a daughter.
PURSEY—Oct. 9, Mrs. F. J Pursey—a daughter.
KELLY—Oct. 12, Mrs. J. A. Kelly—a daughter.
SPARROWHAWK—Oct. 15, Mrs Sparrowhawk—a son.

Marriages.

BALDWIN—ROSS—At Akron, Ohio, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Geo. L. A. Gail, on Oct. 11, 1892, by Rev. Henry W. Bennett, D.D., Byron A. Baldwin, of Chicago, Ill., to Carolina Ross, daughter of Mr. James Ross, of Picton, Ontario.
McTEAR—TYNER—Oct. 13, Alfred McTear to Annie M. Tyner.
HARRISON—SMITH—Oct. 12, Arthur Harrison to Frances Smith.
HARVEY—HENWOOD—Oct. 12, G. S. Harvey to Josephine Henwood.
MULHALL—SPARROW—Oct. 12, J. M. Mulhall to Eleanor Sparrow.
BROWN—TURNER—Oct. 15, Walter Brown to Alice Turner.
MARTIN—LEE—Oct. 11, Wm. H. Martin to Annie Lee.
McGUIRE—CALLAGHAN—Oct. 11, Harvey McGuire to Isabella Callaghan.
MERRITT—HUDSON—Oct. 12, W. H. Merritt to Maud Hudson.
CLARK—GRAHAM—Oct. 11, Rev. N. Clark to Mary A. Graham.
COBBAN—CAIN—Oct. 12, W. E. M. Cobban to Katie Cain.
JARDINE—DAVIS—Oct. 12, William H. Jardine to Dora Davis.
HURNDALL—KIDD—Oct. 12, Clement Hurndall to Kate Kidd.
FARISH—SHIPLEY—Oct. 12, John L. Farish to Lizzie Shipley.
WORTS—HERON—Oct. 12, Fred G. Worts to Frances Heron.

Deaths.

ACHESON—Oct. 15, James Acheson, aged 84.
GOODFELLOW—Oct. 16, Alice Goodfellow, aged 73.
COWDRY—Oct. 16, Thomas Cowdry, aged 79.
McGINN—Oct. 15, Julia McGinn, aged 2.
JONES—Oct. 15, William Jones, aged 30.
TAYLOR—Oct. 14, Margaret Taylor, aged 30.
HAMILTON—Oct. 15, Bella Hamilton.
COCKBURN—Oct. 15, Mary Cockburn, aged 84.
HOWELL—Oct. 14, Frank Howell, aged 2.
MOORE—Oct., Hugh Moore, aged 68.
BUTLAN—Oct., Annie M. Butlan.
BROWN—Oct. 12, Mary J. Brown, aged 58.
BETHUNE—Oct. 12, Dr. Norman Bethune, aged 70.
BENNETT—Oct. 12, Louisa Bennett, aged 58.
CREASE—Oct. 10, Major-General Crease, R. E.
DOWSON—Oct. 11, Ruth Dowson, aged 5.
NELSON—Oct. 13, Lydia Nelson, aged 8.
BUCHANAN—Oct. 9, Archibald Buchanan, aged 28.
ROWLANDS—Oct. 9, Elinor Rowlands.
RUTHERFORD—Oct. 7, Agnes Gunion Rutherford.
FOSTER—Oct. 16, Emma Tremaine Foster.
McCLURE—Oct. 16, John G. McClure, aged 7.
ADLARD—Oct. 12, Elizabeth Adlard, aged 37.

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